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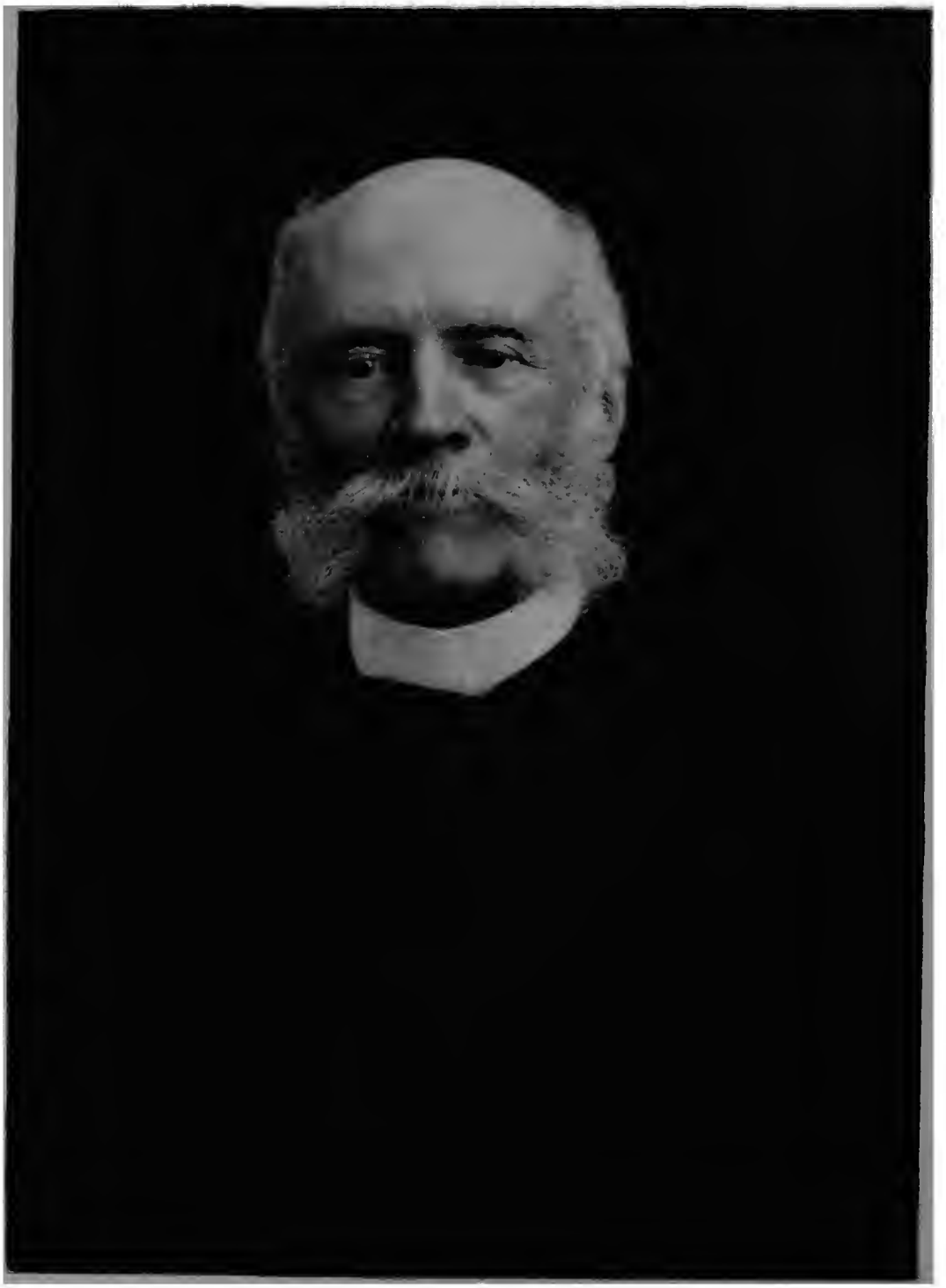

J. M. Buckley

JAMES MONROE BUCKLEY

BY

GEORGE PRESTON MAINS

THE METHODIST BOOK CONCERN
NEW YORK CINCINNATI

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TO THE MINISTRY AND MEMBERSHIP OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, OF WHICH JAMES MONROE BUCKLEY IS PECULIARLY A PRODUCT, TO WHICH HE HAS DEDICATED A PHENOMENAL LIFE AND IN WHICH HIS INFLUENCE WILL REMAIN A SOURCE OF PERPETUAL ENRICHMENT, THIS NARRATIVE IS LOVINGLY INSCRIBED.

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FOREWORD

One who attempts the life-narrative of Doctor James Monroe Buckley should undertake the work neither in a spirit of overconfidence, nor of underestimating what may be rightfully expected. The subject of this narrative holds a unique place in the religious history of the times. For more than a generation, and throughout a period when his denomination was, both by growth and influence, assuming the role of strong leadership in American Christianity, Dr. Buckley was unquestionably the most potent individual leader in the Methodist Episcopal Church. This is saying much, but not many will be disposed to challenge the statement.

Dr. Buckley's life presents not the question of mere leadership—a leadership earned by a wealth of resourcefulness, sanity, tireless activities, uncommon powers, encyclopædic knowledge, and phenomenal versatility. The character landscape to be studied and if possible reproduced includes a bewildering variety of intellectual labors successfully achieved and

awakens within us not only a sense of unbounded admiration, but a feeling akin to amazement. All this is the more magnified as one goes back to measure the menacing physical handicap under which he began his public life. It is well known that Darwin, Herbert Spencer, and many other intellectual celebrities, made for themselves a first place in the history of the intellectual world, in spite of most painful physical limitations. It remains, however, that few men conspicuous for achievement have overcome greater limitations, and, in defiance of them all, have won their way to enduring strength, to phenomenal toils, by a path more signal than that traversed by the subject of this narrative.

Those who have stood nearest him, and have been his closest observers, are those most impressed by the very magnitude of his capacity, industry, and mental fruitfulness. But even to such, a just largeness and completeness of impression is furnished only when the sum of his work is reviewed in its true dimensions.

However alluring and stimulating the study of such a life, it is manifestly no easy task to reproduce it in anything like photographic vividness and trueness. To fully traverse the activities of this life would be to command

material for an exceptionally voluminous record. Literally many volumes might be filled with worthy matter.

I have, however, felt that certain limitations should be strictly regarded. It is due that a wide public, so far as may be, should come under the touch and stimulus of this life. To plan for this result involves consideration of some conditions perhaps not altogether ideal. The age is preoccupied. The greater number cannot be induced to read elaborate books. Experience as a publisher has indelibly impressed upon me the fact that it is the exception that the biography of any man, however great he may have been, is widely read. It is a fact to be greatly regretted that many of the biographies of the world's intrinsically most worthy characters remain unsold. It is their ignominious function to gather dust upon the shelves and within the vaults of the publishers. If a published life is to reach and benefit a wide constituency two material conditions at least must be practically regarded. The one is, that the volume should not be overlarge; the other, that it may be purchased at a moderate price.

With such warning convictions, my aim has been to keep this volume within popular limits, both as to size and price. If in response to the

needs of history, or of a manifest interest on the part of the Church, a more voluminous record should be called for, there is available abundant material for such a work. Indeed, in interesting and stimulating *data* few lives are richer than the one which here necessarily receives but partial record.

Manifestly, in preparing this book, the task, as related to the mass of outstanding material, has been largely one of selection and elimination. I have steadily sought to deal only with the salient facts of the life as gathered from many sources. How successfully this has been done those best informed must judge. While exercising the utmost care in the selection of material, it will doubtless remain that some will look for items of special interest to themselves which they will fail to find reproduced in the book.

The plan of construction for the book itself has not proven altogether easy for decision. A chronological record, from start to finish, would seem to have much to recommend it. But I have become much impressed that Dr. Buckley has developed prominence in so many distinct and diverse fields of activity as to make it desirable, and possibly best, that the narrative should be written in distinct chapters

severally devoted to the departments in which his creative activities have been most pronounced. This method, therefore, has been decided upon. It has the practical advantage of classifying his varying activities into groups from which they historically emerge, and of giving them thus a distinct and significant treatment. The reader may be thus somewhat aided to pursue any department of the life in which for the time being he may feel a special interest.

From the ideal standpoint, there are doubtless some disadvantages apparent in this plan. First, it may give to the book the appearance of being a volume of sketches rather than the consecutive and unbroken narrative of a life. This view at best could be only superficial. The book is by no means made up of essays which have been at different times, and here and there, written. The chapters have all been written solely for this narrative. They revolve around a central character, and, so far as possible, they fall into a chronological order. Second, this method could hardly be used without the liability of repeated emphasis being given to some particular qualities of the personality involved, these qualities coming to the front in every department of his activities. I

venture the hope, however, that this feature, whenever observed by the reader, may not be found a serious or a tiresome defect in the narrative.

In completing my work on this manuscript, I am self-reminded of the fact that, running all through the work there is an obvious strain in adulation of my subject. I would neither modify nor change this. If there is what appears adulation, it is in entire absence of fulsomeness. Nor is the record I have penned that of an obsessed hero-worshiper. While trusting that I am not without ability discerningly and judiciously to recognize extraordinary qualities of character, a long life in close practical relations with men has fully impressed me that no man is either to be worshiped, or is worthy at all points of unqualified indorsement. While proud of the fact that through a long series of years it has been my privilege to know Dr. Buckley somewhat closely, I am also clearly reminded of the fact that he has not always agreed with me, nor has he approved of certain opinions which I hold with great mental satisfaction to myself. It is also true that, owing perhaps to differences in our mental habits, possibly to temperamental differences, I have found myself at times un-

able to assent to positions which he has quite positively espoused.

All this in judicial discernment and evaluation of character is most superficial and inconsequential. I have considered for many years, and the closer my contact with him the more positive has been my conviction, that Dr. Buckley is one of the really great men of the times. I would not be true to my own convictions were I never to refer to him in terms of appreciation which would not apply to the ordinary man. I am sure I only share with a wide public that extraordinary admiration which his history justly evokes. I, moreover, am free to confess that the all-around review of his activities which the preparation of this manuscript has necessitated, has only served greatly to enhance upon my thought his surpassing measurement. I would, therefore, firmly refuse to make any apology, or to plead any fault, for the occasional eulogy which may utter itself in this narrative.

Conscious of the limitations under which I have wrought, realizing, perhaps more clearly than is possible to any other, how fragmentary is the product presented, and yet with the justifying conscience of having faithfully done my work—itself a work of admiration and love

—I now submit the result to the public, in the hope—may I not say, in the confidence?—that the lessons of the life herein traced may be as the seed of a holy planting which shall spring to noble fruitage in lives hereby inspired and enriched when the lips of both subject and writer shall be forever silent.

Aside from sources named in the volume, the author is indebted for several facts, which he has deemed essential to the narrative, to the kindly courtesy of persons standing near to Dr. Buckley who have very graciously furnished needed information not otherwise accessible. To any one familiar with the processes necessary in the preparation of such a work it is needless to say that the required selection, arrangement, and verification of facts have called for the examination of a large mass of material previously printed in one form or another, and coming from many sources. If, unhappily, errors of statement shall anywhere appear, it can only be said that such errors will stand in proof that the most conscientious efforts at verification have, by so much, failed of their purpose.

Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, 1917.

CHAPTER I

ANCESTRY

JAMES MONROE BUCKLEY, on his paternal side, sprang from a pure English stock. England, from the days of the Mayflower Puritan to now, has contributed richly to the best things in American life. England, begirt by the seas, territorially small, historically great, is, in the large, rich sense, the true mother-land of America. Home of Magna Charta, seat of world-empire, mistress of the seas; birth-land of Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Browning, Tennyson; in philosophy and science, breeder of the Newtons, Bacons, the Huxleys, Tyndalls, and Darwins; historic bulwark of the Protestant faith; creator for the world of noble ideals, of justice and freedom; land of the primrose hedge, and of the ravishing lark-song, where the lawns have sunned themselves in a thousand summers —this land every man with the instincts of a true American may gratefully hail as the contributor of much that is best in his own matchless inheritance.

The English lineage of our subject is clearly traceable to his great-grandfathers, James Buckley, on the paternal, and Henry Wilde, on the maternal side. James Buckley, the grandfather, was born July 4, 1774. He lived in Sholver near Saddleworth, a suburb of Manchester, and died July 29, 1816. He married Mary, the daughter of Henry Wilde. From this union were born John, the father of James Monroe, and a brother, James. These two brothers, when still young men, migrated to America.

Of the maternal lineage of Dr. Buckley there is a clear record back to the seventh generation on the paternal, and to the sixth generation on the maternal, side. His maternal grandfather, Clayton Monroe, was born December 31, 1788, in Burlington County, New Jersey, and died at Mount Holly, New Jersey, June 24, 1867. His wife, Mary York, was born August 10, 1787, and died January 9, 1870. This Clayton Monroe, the grandfather, was for ten years a justice of the peace at Mount Holly, and for another ten years was judge of Burlington County. He was trustee of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and was esteemed as one of the leading citizens of the town.

John Buckley, the father of James Monroe, was born May 3, 1805, in Lancashire, England. With his brother James he came to America in 1827. Before coming to America his religious affiliations had been with the Church of England. Naturally of thoughtful and serious purpose, he became controllingly impressed in his new surroundings with the necessity of committing himself to an earnest religious life. His associations probably decided the casting his lot with the Methodist people. Accordingly, in the spring of 1828 he was received by the Rev. Isaac Winner into the Methodist Episcopal Church. Not long after, he was convincingly impressed that it was his duty to preach the gospel. In a desire to better his preparation for this great work, he went in February, 1830, to the Wesleyan Academy at Wilbraham, then presided over by the celebrated Wilbur Fisk. This school, on account of failing health, he left in the following August. In February, 1831, he was licensed to preach. At the session of the Philadelphia Conference, in the following April, he was admitted on trial into the traveling connection. In 1833 he was appointed preacher in charge of the Methodist Episcopal church in Mount Holly, New Jersey. It was here, in the home

of Judge Monroe, where he met his future wife, Abby Lonsdale Monroe.

The record of the Rev. John Buckley, so far as we have it, is one highly creditable both to his ability and character. He entered upon his ministry in the spirit of unreserved consecration. He was scrupulously careful to attend to all details, large and small, arising in connection with his work. Preaching was with him a holy passion. In nothing did he so rejoice as in proclaiming the message of salvation to his fellow men. The record is that "his talents as a preacher were of a superior order; his mind was well disciplined, and but few preachers could set forth the truth more clearly and pointedly than he."

Abby Lonsdale Monroe was born February 2, 1813. She was the first-born of three children, there being besides her a sister and a brother. The brother, afterward the Rev. Doctor S. Y. Monroe, came to distinction as one of the General Officers of the Methodist Episcopal Church. While in discharge of his official duties, he met an untimely death in a railroad accident. Abby Lonsdale Monroe early entered into a clear religious experience and united with the church at the age of thirteen years. She was a diligent student, and

her girlhood education, which greatly served her needs in later years, was superior.

To her the Rev. John Buckley was married April 21, 1835, by the Rev. Richard W. Pelterbridge. Throughout the remaining years of her husband's ministry Mrs. Buckley proved herself in every way a devoted and most efficient partner in all his Christian work. The time of his active ministry proved short. Exacting devotion to his work, coupled with incident exposure and privation, early overmatched his not robust health, necessitating his retirement to a farm for recuperation. He made a heroic and protracted struggle for health, but fought a losing battle, and in June, 1842, he died, "leaving his widow to care for two sons, the elder not six, the younger scarce three years old."

To the rearing, the right moral and intellectual training, of these children Mrs. Buckley thenceforward gave herself in incessant and self-sacrificing devotion. The lads were James Monroe and his little brother, Henry Clayton. It is the career of James which has called for the writing of this work. The younger brother, born in Mount Holly, October 6, 1839, performed most of his lifework in the town of his nativity, dying there October 2, 1915. He was

connected with the New Jersey Mirror, of Mount Holly, for more than half a century. At the breaking out of the Civil War he enlisted in Battery "A" First New Jersey Artillery, and served his term. He was an active member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and for more than thirty years was on its official board. He was also an active member of various useful societies and organizations of the community.

Mrs. Buckley, that she might supply herself with means for the physical and mental needs of her two boys, established a private school which she conducted successfully until her recognized abilities led to her appointment as preceptress of the Central Public School. From a grateful hand we are supplied with the following picture of a mother's work in this relation: "Thus, through winter's cold and summer heat, for twenty years and more she wrought for her children. What they learned in the schools was less than what she taught them by correcting their language, directing their reading, and reading to them. When the tasks had been mastered, never before, play was allowed. Sunday school lessons were taught in the same way. Smiles were the reward of merit; admonitions or judicious pun-

MRS. JOHN BUCKLEY, MOTHER OF DR. BUCKLEY

ishment the penalty of neglect or disobedience; but there was ever wistful looking for the first indications of penitence. Amid all these labors she sang in the choir and taught in the Sunday school, imitating her parents in devotion to the Church, and cherishing undying interest in all its enterprises."

Mrs. Buckley was moved by ideals so large and inspirational as to forbid the confinement of her activities and interests to any narrow area of vision. In the stern necessity of providing for herself and her children there were laid upon her tasks that would seem unduly heavy, tasks which might overtax the energies and daunt the courage of a lesser personality. But her extraordinary character was evinced by the variety and wide range of interests which secured her attention. She was an interested attendant and observer of at least six General Conferences. From the days of Bishop George she had heard all the bishops preach, and many of them had been guests in her home. The Ecumenical Conference at Washington greatly interested her and claimed her thoughtful attention during all its sessions. She was actively interested in the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, and was a close student of the proceedings of the Parent

Board. She gave helpful personal support to the useful organizations of her native town, such as the Dorcas Society, the Female Benevolent Society, and the Ladies' Aid Society of her home church, and was for many years treasurer of the "Children's Home." At the time of her death she was in the thirty-fourth consecutive year of service as woman superintendent of the Sunday school, a position which she efficiently filled to the last. Throughout her life she was a faithful attendant upon the meetings for social worship in her church. Mrs. Buckley was a diligent reader of the best literature, such as books of travel, pure fiction, poetry, history, and discriminating discussions of current thought, and experienced a special satisfaction in the biographies of eminent Christians and philanthropists, and in treatises upon the higher forms of the Christian life.

Her annual recreations were sought and found amid religious associations. She visited with regularity for a few weeks in each year Ocean Grove, where she was a sympathetic worshiper and critical listener at the services held in the great auditorium. Greatly refreshed in spirit and happy in mind, she returned from her last visit to Ocean Grove on

September 1, 1892, to pass within a few days to her translation. To Dr. Buckley, visiting her ten days before she died, and within a few months of her eightieth birthday, she said, "I must be old, but I have no consciousness of it." "Thus she lived, time touching her so softly that in her person and mind there were few signs of autumn and none of winter." Her demise was sudden. Seized with indigestion and slight neuralgic attacks, from which neither skill nor tender care could bring relief, on the evening of Sunday, September 25, just as the church bells to which she had "joyfully responded for more than three quarters of a century," were summoning worshipers to the sanctuary, "she sank into the final quiet."

The highly creditable career of the father, the Rev. John Buckley, was so brief, so fatally handicapped by physical disease and weakness, as to make impossible any reliable estimate as to what might have proved his exceptional power and influence had he been favored with long life and sustained vigor. To this, the case of the mother stands out in marked contrast. She lived to old age. She retained to the last unimpaired vigor both of body and of mind. It puts no strain upon our faith to assume that those qualities of mind which afterward shone

so brilliantly in the person of her illustrious son were a direct inheritance from his mother. Dr. Buckley can be cited as no exception to a rule often named, that great men are usually the sons of great mothers. Speaking of the two little boys at the time of their father's death, he himself has said: "They knew not the meaning of their loss, . . . nor that God had given them a mother, who to her tenderness would join the authority, self-control, and wisdom of a father."

Appended to this ancestral chapter, it seems appropriate to make a brief record of Dr. Buckley's immediate family history. He was three times married. In each case he married into a family of high social standing and influence. On August 2, 1864, he was married to Eliza A. Burns, daughter of James and Aurella Burns, of Detroit, Michigan. She died February 27, 1866. On April 22, 1874, he married Mrs. Sarah Isabella French Staples, the widow of Lyman J. Staples, of Detroit. She died in Morristown, New Jersey, November 29, 1883. On August 23, 1886, Dr. Buckley married Adelaide Shackford Hill, daughter of Dr. Levi G. Hill and Abigail B. Shackford of Dover, New Hampshire, who died on April 23, 1910. By his second wife Dr.

Buckley has two surviving children: Mr. Monroe Buckley, a graduate of Wesleyan University in the class of 1899, and now practicing law in the City of Philadelphia; and a daughter, Sarah Isabella, now Mrs. Ernest Edward Pignona, of Morristown, New Jersey.

CHAPTER II

BOYHOOD

A MOST interesting thing about a great man is his beginnings. "The boy is father to the man," is an old proverb, and as true as old. That distinguishing and irreducible factor which we name individuality is not acquired; it is inborn. The energy which drives and sustains a life of phenomenal achievement is inherent, a constitutional quality. The exceptional brilliant man, the man who moves among his fellows as recognized leader, is born under no vulgar stars. The light of talent must have burned in his very baby eyes, and the ozone of storm-cloud and crag been a stimulus in his boyhood blood. This boy is dynamic with impulse. His native forces, untutored and undisciplined, drive him aside from the beaten ruts and customs pursued by his companions. His imagination riots and stimulates itself in a world of fancies such as never lifts itself on the vision of the ordinary boy.

This condition is critically sensitive. It abounds in grave liabilities as possibly affecting the future character and career of its sub-

ject. Ungoverned and misdirected, such a childhood carries in itself only the prophecy of disaster. Self-destruction, and, it may be, unmeasured damage to society, are the not improbable outcome of untutored and undisciplined brilliant natural gifts. The nascent powers and ebullient energies of exceptionally endowed youth need to be early taken wisely and firmly in hand for training and direction. If this process is continuous and successful, it may be confidently predicted that its subject will finally come to his place as an influential, constructive, and beneficent force.

Under such convictions it has been manifestly a matter of exceptional interest to secure as fully as possible illustrative and illuminating incidents of Dr. Buckley's boyhood. His mature and public life has been so conspicuous as to make the thought that he was ever a boy easily negligible. It may be ventured, however, that if all the interesting incidents of his youthful history could be collected, material would be furnished for a boyhood biography not less interesting in its kind than anything which could be written of his maturer life and activities. This might not be the life of a Huckleberry Finn, but if it had a Mark Twain as its author, it would probably furnish no less

a literary revel for the young life of the age. It would hardly prove the mark of a discerning prophet to expect the boy Buckley to be a model young saint. There must, at least, have inhered in his various qualities gravitations in other directions. His precocious intellect would early expose him to many ideas and influences for the safe treatment of which he would have neither maturity of judgment nor sound reason. He himself tells us: "When about sixteen years of age I had fallen in with some strong-minded but not highly educated infidels. They talked with me frequently, and I was induced by one of them to write a composition against Christianity, he to furnish the principles and facts, and I to write them grammatically; so that he might read to the club a presentable paper. These men were of the Thomas Paine class of infidelity. I read his works and others, and doubted the truth of Christianity for more than a year."

Were it not for his illustrious after-life, the incidents and tendencies of his boyhood might not carry in themselves any special significance. But they form an essential part of the history, and are a suggestive index to qualities which proved decisive in the making, of a great career. The incidents, therefore, have a legiti-

mate place in a narrative which in their omission would by so much remain deficient and incomplete. The statements herein presented are authentic, and, with only such slight verbal revisions as have been required for the purposes of the narrative, are given quite closely in the language of those furnishing firsthand information.

One of young Buckley's earliest recollections is of driving in from the farm to Mount Holly with his father to secure a cradle for his newly arrived baby brother. The cradle rocking in the back of the cart caused him to wriggle about frequently to look at it. This occasioned an impressive reprimand from his father, who feared he would fall out. He remembers this distinctly, although he was but two years and nine months old.

At the age of three he could easily read simple things.

Though his father died when he was but six, he remembers well his taking him to church in Bridgeton, and of his parental strictness, particularly on Sundays, when he was not allowed to run about and play or make a noise.

After his father's death his mother took the two little boys to Mount Holly to live with her parents. After her husband's affairs were

settled there remained nothing but a small sum, with which she purchased Bibles for her little sons, giving one to each as a "father's legacy." This Bible Dr. Buckley has always cherished as of priceless value. From this time his home was always at his grandfather's until he became a minister, though in later years of his boyhood he was frequently absent months at a time, either at school or trying various employments either in Philadelphia or other places.

His grandfather, highly esteemed, upright, a "just judge," was of a silent and stern manner, and while fond of the children expected them to be "seen and not heard." This was particularly hard upon James, whose nature was such that he could not long be still. He *must* be doing something. In those days not much diverting entertainment was provided for children and he was continually getting into mischief, involving his frequent punishment, while the younger brother, who was quiet by nature, was always considered the "good boy." At such times his devoted grandmother often stood between him and the judgment seat. This very "restlessness" was symptomatic of a force which pushed him to the front on life's later walks.

At the age of seven, of course without permission, he set out one day "to see the world." When seven miles away from town, he met the fish man, who inquired his destination. This man, when informed of the boy's intention "to see the world," agreed that it was a fine idea, but suggested that a ride back to Mount Holly in the fish wagon would be pleasant. To this suggestion the boy, already a bit weary, readily agreed, and so ended his first "tour." In his own published reminiscences he records an incident, also occurring at about the age of seven, of twenty-seven cakes. The cakes, which had been prepared for company, he distributed to various small friends who with himself consumed the entire number. A quite enjoyable prank, no doubt, but his judicial grandfather counted it worthy of retribution by twenty-seven spanks. For years thereafter, the simple word "Remember" from his grandfather's lips proved quite effective in restraining his tendency to overt mischief.

When not far from the same age he conceived the idea of inviting his little friends to a party at his house. As there were no preparations, his family knowing nothing of the invitation, the children on arrival, decked out in their best, had to be turned away from the door,

with the result that shortly after the event James was called upon to attend a private party far less festive and romantic than the one which he had planned.

An incident illustrative of his restless ingenuity occurred one evening when the Misses Gilder, aunts of Richard Watson Gilder, were invited to "eat." The boys were not allowed at table, but were told to stay in the sitting room, above the dining room, and to "be quiet." All was quiet for a time, but James soon conceived the idea of getting under the table with his brother and trying to see how high they could lift it with their backs. This caused a catastrophe, all the things upon the table, including an old-fashioned desk box, crashing to the floor, and causing the "tea party" below to rush upstairs to learn what dreadful thing had happened. This incident was most naturally followed by another serious arraignment at the seat of judgment.

As a child, James frequently visited the court house with his grandfather. A great impression was made upon him at one time when his grandfather, just for a few seconds, shut him up in a dark cell in the jail to show him what would happen to naughty boys who grew up to be bad men. His grandfather, however

stern in manner, was very fond of his little grandson. James remembers many happy walks with him on Sunday afternoons, which were conditioned especially upon his own previous good behavior in church and Sunday school. They used to climb the mount, from which Mount Holly is named, and from this elevation the lad would look off across the country and plan for a time when he should explore the world lying beyond the limits of the horizon.

Once during these early years the New Jersey Conference met in Mount Holly, when several of the ministers were guests of the family. On this occasion James acted as a page to the Conference, and he remembers very well Bishop Beverly Waugh, who presided, and Dr. A. E. Ballard, who is now the only living man left to call him "Jimmy."

He first entered Pennington Seminary in 1848, in his fourteenth year, where he remained for three years. A letter to his mother from the Principal, Dr. J. Townley Crane, under date of November 26, 1849, well reflects some of the boy's traits at this period. Doctor Crane says: "As far as obedience to my directions is concerned, I have no special fault to find with James. He is always respectful, and

never resists my commands in the slightest degree. The only things for which I have had occasion to reprove him were the by no means rare faults among children and youth, occasional inattention to study, and a kind of humorous recklessness in his assertions when talking with his fellow students, a propensity to enlarge and magnify, something after the fashion of that well-known child's book, Sindbad the Sailor. This I have considered improper, because of its tendency to real deceptions, and representations designedly false, and I therefore talked to him very seriously, though very kindly too, respecting this habit, and he promised to reform."

He was a boy of generous courage and honesty. When some of the boys, his mates, would make expeditions to neighboring farms foraging for peaches, apples, and other fruits, without asking permission of the owners, it would be like him boldly to approach the front door and politely ask if he "might have a few peaches." The well-nigh invariable result was, the farmer's wife being so pleased to have him ask instead of helping himself, that he usually received as a free gift some of the best of the fruit.

His quick wit, which in after life ever proved

itself an exhaustless fund, voiced itself in the following incident. It is to be remembered that the principal of the Seminary was a somewhat fastidious dresser. Under the necessity of wearing glasses, he wore a fine type of the gold-mounted sort. One day young Buckley appeared in class with a very large pair of spectacle frames made of coarse wire and perfectly adjusted to his nose. Wearing this conspicuous facial ornament, he sat in his place sober as a judge, while other members of the class were convulsed with laughter. Dr. Crane, seeing what was going on, turned to Buckley and said:

"Do you wear those for use or for ornament, Mr. Buckley?"

"For use, Doctor. If they were for ornament, I should have had gold."

If Dr. Crane was the first, he was by no means the last dignified Doctor of Divinity who finally went down under the shaft of James M. Buckley's wit.

After his first period at Pennington he remained out of school for two years, during which time he attempted several kinds of employment. He was by turns, an errand boy in a dry goods store, a clerk in another store, an errand boy for a large auction house, the same

in a hardware establishment, and was also employed in a lumber yard, where he met with a serious accident. Being sent on an errand, and deciding that he would prefer to ride than to walk, he harnessed a horse which he had been forbidden to drive. The animal proving too much for the young driver, ran away, threw the lad out, wrecked the wagon, and ran into the Delaware River, where it was drowned. The lad remained unconscious for nearly a week, and it was thought that even if he should survive he was permanently injured. He finally recovered. But having disobeyed orders, and having caused his proprietor the loss of a valuable horse, he was informed that his services in that establishment would no longer be required. Having read Franklin's idea that "all boys should have a trade," he finally persuaded his mother to let him apprentice himself to a harness maker, where he became quite proficient in sewing traces, which work in those days was done by hand. At one time he set out to go to California, earning his way as he went along. He was gone from home nine weeks, but only got as far as the upper part of Delaware, where a felon developed on his finger which painfully forced upon him the conclusion that "home and mother" were of all

earthly attractions the dearest. But, being destitute of money, he was obliged to make his homeward journey on foot.

When Kossuth, the great Hungarian patriot, visited this country, young Buckley saw and heard him in Philadelphia, and was so impressed that then and there he inwardly resolved that some day he would visit the country whence Kossuth came.

He entered Pennington for a second period in the fall of 1854. An incident of this period illustrative of his readiness for mischievous fun is related by one of his schoolmates, the late Colonel Dobbins. Being out together one night, they passed a neighbor's house where several young ladies were singing. After listening for a time to the music, Buckley inflated his lungs and, without giving Dobbins any hint of what he intended, roared at the top of his voice, "Hark, from the tombs a doleful sound," and then shot into the underbrush by the side of the road so quickly as to leave his surprised companion quite alone to take whatever consequences might ensue. The family came pouring out of the house to see who the disturbers might be, and found poor Dobbins by himself very much nonplused and speechless. Colonel Dobbins never relinquished the

conviction that Buckley as a young fellow was always expert in getting himself out of trouble, whatever might become of his unfortunate partners.

One of his early teachers, at this writing still living and in his eighty-seventh year, a life-long and cherished friend of Dr. Buckley, Dr. Thomas H. Landon, relates substantially as follows some interesting reminiscences dating from the second period of Young Buckley's life in Pennington Seminary. He says:

"My acquaintance with him began this way. In the fall of 1854, while I was teaching at Pennington Seminary, I stepped into the office of Dr. J. T. Crane, then principal of the school, and was introduced to a youth, who had just arrived from Mount Holly, the home of his mother. We immediately began to size each other up. I saw a youth of about eighteen years, of medium size, but very light weight, with an eye as keen as an eagle's, and a very large head. He was not long in telling me that he had attended the school some three or four years before. Just why he had left it I did not learn, or, if I did, I do not remember. Then and there began an acquaintance with the boy, which during his school days there, and brief course in college at Middletown, and in after

years ripened into a friendship which has never had a break or any misunderstanding; and now, a day or two after the anniversary of my eighty-sixth year, and a week or two before the anniversary of his eightieth year, I am asked to give some reminiscences of his boyhood days at the old school at Pennington.

"Soon after my introduction to him in Dr. Crane's office, he presented himself in my class in Cyropaedia. The class was composed of Charles Stockton, in later years an eminent dentist in Newark; William Zane, afterwards a member of the New Jersey Conference; Albert Slate, subsequently a lawyer of Salem, New Jersey; B. C. Lippincott, for many years a member of the New Jersey Conference; John W. Young (in those days familiarly called Captain Young, he having been commander of a canal boat on the Delaware and Raritan Canal), afterward a prominent member of the Newark Conference, and widely known as an accurate statistician and collaborator of the benevolences of the Methodist Episcopal Church throughout the connection; also Solomon Parsons, long a prominent member of the Newark Conference, and a deserving nominee for Congress of the Prohibition Party.

"Where young Buckley had picked up his knowledge of the Greek language I do not know, but I soon discerned that he was not only well drilled in the language and a ready translator of the text, but a most intelligent commenter upon the author and the history of the times of the book. While these qualifications would have easily put him at the head of his class, unfortunately his unequal habits of study greatly reduced his standing. For several days together he would appear in class and completely outdo all others. Then again for an equally long time he would not appear at all, and thus, of course, would lower his standing by daily marks. Nevertheless, when he was present he showed himself complete master of that portion of the book which was in the daily lesson. This unevenness of attendance upon and performance of his school work was a marked characteristic of his whole course at Pennington Seminary.

"One of the most memorable features of the career of young Buckley at Pennington was his activity and influence in the Alpha Omega Society, of which he soon became a member. In those days the weekly meetings of the society became the scenes of high debates, and no little of the skill which in after years made this

man a head master in that art, both in the Annual and General Conferences of which he was a member, was acquired in these contests. A notable feature of these debates was the readiness with which he would change sides on any question, and outargue and overthrow his opponents. This illustrates the abundance of resources and the readiness and skill in the use of them, which characterized his career in all the after life of this great debater.

"An incident about this time reveals several characteristics of the boy, which were more fully developed in his later life. Among the irregularities of his daily practice was that of being late to breakfast, and it had become a repeated cause of amusement in the dining room to hear the heavy heel and toe movements coming down the stairs leading to the dining room door, and then his deliberate entrance as a late comer to breakfast. I concluded that this had better be stopped, and so one morning after the blessing was asked, I stepped to the door and turned the key. In a few moments the familiar clump, clump, clump, was heard and all eyes and ears were attentive. Then came the trial of the door knob, and, after an instant of silence, the same clump, clump, clump, indicated his retirement up the stairs.

A few minutes passed, and I heard a sound of merriment from the lower end of the dining hall, and looking down I saw Master Buckley, who had come in by the kitchen door, walking serenely up toward his seat within three or four chairs of the head of the table. I waited until he reached his chair, then arose and said to him, 'Now, Master Buckley, you may go out the way you came in.' He looked me in the eye steadily, and without a word of remonstrance turned to the right about and went out the back door. He was afterward asked why he did not stand his ground and take his chair. His answer was, 'I didn't like the look of his eye.' Thus early in his career were illustrated the ability for a flank movement in debate, or a maneuvering and equal wisdom in discerning the psychological moment for retirement in good order. It can easily be believed that, with the eccentricities and originalities thus indicated, this youth kept the school, including teachers and pupils, in lively expectation of something to happen, or in equal curiosity to know what would be done with what had happened.

"I shall never forget springing to my room at the head of the stairs to inquire into an uproar. I found the boy coming up, bellowing at

the top of his voice, and a very stentorian voice it was even at that early day, and the explanation was that he was cultivating his vocal organs by what he called the "explosive method." One of his favorite diversions was to gather a lot of fellows at the front stoop, and set them stunts in jumping. It was truly remarkable how with his long body and relatively short legs he could beat them all in the great jump. This he never did in too large measure at once, but slowly drew them along inch by inch. At each successive attempt he stood by looking on with great equanimity and twinkling eyes at their failures.

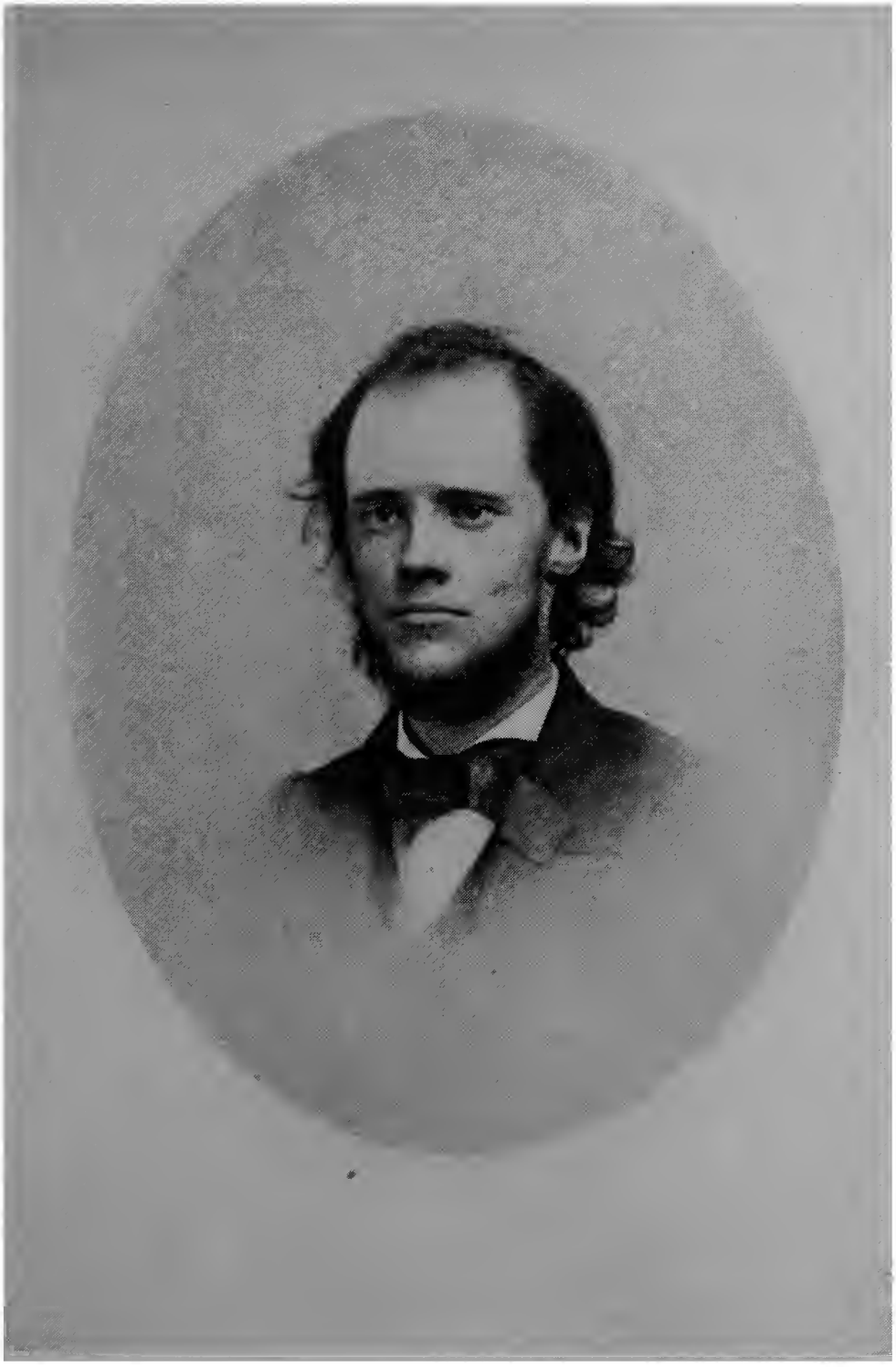
"The same superiority which marked his athletic achievements in the sports of the day was manifested in his intellectual competitions with his fellow students. I have referred to his vigor, versatility, and superiority in the debates of the Alpha Omega Society. But when it came to essay writing and speech making on general subjects his precocity in material and method was equally evident. His ordinary school compositions for weekly use had a maturity of thought and a facility of expression which not infrequently excited a suspicion of plagiarism. This, however, was never found to be the fact. It is a somewhat interesting inci-

dent that in after years, when he was a member of the New Hampshire Conference, he preached a sermon which he was accused of having taken from a work of Doctor Olin. The result was that the accuser in this case, when brought to book, utterly failed to sustain his charge, and was obliged openly to confess his mistake.

"In the New York Christian Advocate of July 9, 1885, in an editorial notice of the transfer of the writer from the pastorate to the principalship of the Bordentown Military Institute, Dr. Buckley made the following statement: 'It was at a meeting led by Mr. Landon that the writer attended for prayers, and in his room in private conversation, that he was enabled to learn the alphabet of the new life.' It will be interesting to many readers to learn some particulars of this history which have never been published. Even at this early date young Buckley had been an omnivorous reader of vast numbers of skeptical books, such as Thomas Paine's Age of Reason, Voltaire's works, and many others. With a memory of remarkable retentiveness, his mind was a charged battery of doubts and unbeliefs. The writer was foolish enough to suppose that he could outreason this youthful skeptic, and con-

vert him to the Christian faith. Many long discussions were held in my room with that object in view. At last one evening, toward midnight, he said to the boy: 'We are making no headway, we have begun the wrong way, we must go to headquarters.' He looked up to me and said, 'Where's that?' and I answered, 'God.' He said, 'When and where?' I said, 'Here and now.' He said, 'How?' I said, 'By prayer,' and added: 'Let's get down and pray.' We both knelt at the bedside, I at the foot, he at the side, with our faces toward each other. I prayed first, and then told him to pray. His prayer was a plain statement of the facts then present, but of a purely intellectual character without a shadow of emotion, but manifestly sincere both to my consciousness and his. At the close of his prayer we both opened our eyes and looked at each other. He said, 'Do you know how this seems to me?' I answered, 'No.' He said, putting his finger on the bedpost that was between us, 'It seems to me that we might just as well have been talking to this bedpost.' I said: 'I don't care if it does so *seem* to you. You know better, for you have at least one article of faith, you believe in a God who, if worthy of our slightest respect, now sees us and knows and

understands us, what we have said and what we mean; and if you are conscious of your own sincerity you must believe that something will come of this, and this you will know in due time.' He said, 'Is that all?' I said, 'Yes, for the present.' He said, 'Is there nothing else that I am to do?' I said, 'Yes, you would better come to the class meetings as a seeker after God, and I have only one advice at present to give you, simply tell the facts as they are when the time comes.' And so we adjourned long after midnight. When the next class night occurred, Buckley was there, and so for several successive weeks, always stating with the utmost simplicity that he was a seeker after God. His literal compliance with the advice given him, to tell the plain facts of the case as they existed at the time, on one occasion proved a surprise to us all. In the meeting I came to him with the accustomed form of questioning: 'Well, Buckley, how have you gotten along this week?' With a very serious shake of the head, he answered, 'Not at all well, for to-day I got into a fight with P. C.' Subsequent inquiry developed the facts that a big bully had persisted in tyrannizing over the boy until, losing his patience, he bristled up and showed fight. Though the bully was consid-



DR. BUCKLEY WHEN A MEMBER OF THE NEW HAMPSHIRE CONFERENCE

erably the heavier, the boy, by agility and active use of fists, nails, teeth, and feet, overcame the superior weight and strength of his antagonist. It is satisfactory to state that thereafter this fellow was careful to let Buckley diligently alone. It may be well enough to state that as class leader on this occasion, the writer made a reasonable exposition of those passages in the Scripture which indicate that the Christian is bound to live peaceably with all men only, 'as far as in him lies.' This doctrine, then full of comfort to the youthful fighter, was long after very fully remembered and practiced when he became a defender of the faith in the Church, and an uncompromising advocate of righteousness in the politics of the nation."

It was the custom of Mr. Buckley in his later years at Pennington to teach school in the winter season. He taught a winter school also in each of his two college years. At one of these schools he laid down twenty rules which were to be obeyed, punishment to be administered to the boy, however big he might be, who should infringe them. One of the boys, seventeen, and much larger than the teacher, decided to disobey, and to see what would happen. He

placed a dead cat on the steps where all the children must pass. It frightened the girls, and created both excitement and amusement for the school in general. The next morning the teacher came prepared to carry out his threatened punishment, though he was not without decided qualms as to his ability to do so if the large boy should show fight. He said to the boy: "Do you think a school can be kept up if the teacher is not obeyed? I have got to whip you or else I might as well give up my position as teacher in this school. You did a mean thing to bring that dead cat into school to frighten the little children. Now you have to take the whipping or leave school. Which will you do?"

The boy said he would take the whipping, which he did; but the teacher found it necessary to smite with muscular strength, as the boy had fortified himself for attack by putting folded newspapers and his geography at well-calculated points of attack. Later, as the teacher had taken a usual walk several miles out of town, he found this boy at a certain point awaiting him. His first thought was that the boy was there to take his revenge. But not so. The boy said: "You did exactly right. I want to stay in school and learn." Years afterward

the former teacher learned that this same boy was doing well in business and was proving a useful citizen.

In submitting this chapter of boyhood incidents, I do it in the confidence that, while it may not be intrinsically one of the most important sections of the narrative, it will for the larger number of readers assert itself as one of the most interesting and enjoyable chapters of the book. As the sources of a river indicate the character of its waters, so any life Providentially designated for exceptional usefulness and honor is well typified by the tempers and incidents of its earlier years. The real student of life is instinctively interested to know the sources whence spring unusual results, as manifest either in character or in deeds.

CHAPTER III

PREACHER AND PASTOR

WHEN young Buckley entered Wesleyan University, in 1856, it was his purpose finally to become a member of the legal profession. He had already given considerable attention to law, having read several selected and recommended lawbooks. Both his native endowments and acquired tastes would indicate the possibilities of a distinguished career in this profession. Indeed, throughout his subsequent life the judgment was often expressed that, however eminent his achievements as a minister, by the very fact of his becoming a preacher a great light was withheld from the legal world. Even after his entrance into the ministry efforts were made to turn him aside to the profession of law. The head of a prominent law firm in New York city said, "When Dr. Buckley was a young minister, I offered him three thousand dollars a year if he would begin the study of law in our office, and I told him that when he had completed his course we would take him into the firm, and that ever

after he would have an income that would stagger the minds of most Methodist preachers." To the question, "Why did you offer Dr. Buckley three thousand a year to begin the study of law?" he said, "In ten years it would be worth one hundred thousand dollars a year to my firm to have Dr. Buckley a pleader in the courts of the State and of the nation." There is no record in proof that Dr. Buckley himself ever regretted the decision which was to give him a life-long place in the Methodist ministry.

At the time of his matriculation in the university he had been a member of the Church for about two years, though, as he himself declares, he "was in a very indifferent state of mind, filled with skeptical questionings, to which he had lent a willing ear, and which were increased by very free and outspoken utterance."

He participated in the exciting Presidential campaign of 1856, stumping for Fremont, and immediately at the close of this campaign, in order to supplement his income, he entered upon the work of teaching a district school in Connecticut. There being no church in the town where he taught, he was invited to speak three times on the subject of religion, he complying with this invitation. He himself char-

acterizes these addresses as follows: "They were principally moralizing talks which did not imply any particular spiritual life on my part." He says: "During the same season I was twice invited by pastors to fill their pulpits, in their absence, and delivered sermons which may have been correct in doctrine, but did not imply any special religious life on my part, and I fear were not adapted to create any in the minds of the hearers." In these very days, however, as he himself confesses, a vague notion passed through his mind that he might some day become a minister. He did not attribute to this impression any moral force, but thought it might have arisen purely from the congratulatory remarks which his religious addresses had called forth.

The experience which finally decided his entrance into the Christian ministry occurred in the winter of 1858, when, in another community, he was again teaching school. In this winter he participated in what proved to be a notable debate with an Adventist, a Dr. J. C. Howell, of Boston, upon the subject of the "Immortality of the Soul." This debate awakened intense interest throughout the community, and is still vividly remembered by the older inhabitants. The effect upon Mr.

Buckley himself was most marked. His studies had begotten within him thoroughly and intensely the conviction of the soul's immortality. This conviction gave him a vitally different view of life from that which he had previously entertained.

In close connection with these events an extraordinary religious awakening under the leadership of A. V. R. Abbott occurred which powerfully influenced the entire community, and extended into wide surroundings. In this revival he participated to the great quickening and strengthening of his own religious life. His health was now much impaired. He was seriously invaded by pulmonary symptoms, and it was felt by his close and most sympathetic observers that he had but a little time to live. He became convincingly impressed that it was his duty to enter the Christian ministry, that he might spend such time as remained to him in the endeavor to save young men from infidelity. He therefore decided not to return to college, but to enter the ministry forthwith.

Through an introduction by an American Wesleyan Methodist minister, he became engaged to serve for one year a small church of this denomination in Exeter, New Hampshire.

This society had been for some time without a pastor, and was composed of only forty-eight members, all of whom save four were women. The pastor had to be minister, chorister, class-leader, assistant treasurer—filling nearly every office except that of sexton. Exeter is the seat of the famous Phillips Academy, where such New Englanders as Daniel Webster, Wendell Phillips, Rufus Choate, George Bancroft, and many others, had fitted for college. About one hundred and fifty students were in the Academy when young Buckley entered upon this pastorate.

Beginning with small congregations, the church gradually filled up, many of the students and principal citizens regularly attending the services. Thus the young preacher, still only a layman, received encouraging assurance of favor with the people. In the course of this year he received an invitation to become pastor of a Congregational church. But after having preached several weeks to this congregation, and having made a careful study of the then accepted doctrines and polity of the Congregational churches, he concluded that Methodism could furnish for him the more congenial and fitting field of labor.

His decision to apply for admission into the

ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church was doubtless largely influenced by Dr. Erastus O. Haven, then editor of Zion's Herald, who seriously persuaded him that he ought to be a minister in the Church of his father. He took his church letter which he had received from Middletown, Connecticut, to the Methodist Episcopal church in New Market, New Hampshire, where he was received, licensed to preach, and recommended to the Annual Conference, all in one evening. He was admitted to the New Hampshire Annual Conference, holding its session in Portsmouth, in the spring of 1859. Much to his own surprise, he was appointed to Dover, one of the largest churches in the State. In this church, finding great favor with the people, especially with the maturer minds of the community, he remained two years, which was then the limit.

He was next appointed to a large church in the city of Manchester. Here he inherited difficulties growing out of discordant conditions in the congregation, which resulted during his first year in several church trials. By a wise course of personal conduct, however, by a firm and calm adherence to his Christian convictions, and by zealous fidelity to his ministerial duties in pulpit and parish, he won favor from

the people, and the purification and restoration of his church.

It was within this period that consumption was quite generally supposed to be doing its fatal work with the pastor. His presiding elder besought him, with all gentleness, to go home that he might receive the attention which only a mother's love could bestow upon "a sick and dying son." The young pastor declined to follow this advice, and further determined not to die. This same presiding elder and Dr. Buckley, both members, greeted each other in the General Conference which met in the city of Brooklyn, in 1872.

At the end of his second year in Manchester, in the spring of 1863, Mr. Buckley went to Europe, returning in the late autumn apparently, for the first time in seven years, well. At this time Bishop Janes offered him an appointment in California with a salary of twenty-five hundred dollars gold, and all traveling expenses across the continent to be paid. His decision to decline this offer was in deference to his mother's wishes. She said: "It is not a mission work. I can see no reason why a widowed mother should be separated from her son by so many thousands of miles." A little later Bishop Simpson appointed him to

Detroit, where he entered upon one of the most historic pastorates in Michigan Methodism. It was during this pastorate that the famous "Central Methodist Episcopal Church" of Detroit was undertaken. This edifice certainly at the time of its completion worthily ranked as one of the best-appointed houses of worship in American Protestantism. All of gray granite, of cathedral proportions, beautifully located, with a capacity of twelve hundred sittings in its auditorium, with superior accompaniments for the Sunday school and social worship and life of the congregation, this church not only gives conspicuous testimony to the strength and popularity of the pastor under whose supervision it was constructed, but it stands as a distinguishing landmark in the progress of American Methodism.

In the spring of 1866 Mr. Buckley was transferred to the New York East Conference, and was stationed at the Summerfield Church, in the city of Brooklyn. For the ensuing fourteen years his pastorates alternated between Brooklyn and Stamford, Connecticut. He served both the Summerfield and Stamford churches two full terms of three years each, and was then appointed, in the spring of 1878, to Hanson Place Church, from which pastor-

ate he was elected by the General Conference of 1880 to the editorship of The Christian Advocate. Prior to his appointment to the latter church he received the unusual honor of an invitation to a third pastorate in the Summerfield Church.

The foregoing gives a summary of Dr. Buckley's distinctive pastoral appointments. While performing editorial duties he served with marked favor as the acting and first pastor of the Madison Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church in New York city. This society, effectively and influentially organized, he passed over to Dr. O. H. Tiffany in the spring of 1883.

Dr. Buckley had now won a national reputation as a pulpit orator. However laborious and exacting his duties in other relations, he could not escape numerous demands for his services as a preacher on distinctive occasions. His sermons preached before universities, theological schools, synods, Conferences, and on dedicatory occasions are phenomenally numerous. It seems nothing less than a marvel that, in addition to other and high duties, he could command both the strength and productiveness for the large number and variety of occasions in which he appeared as the chosen

DR. BUCKLEY WHEN ELECTED EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE

preacher. In the distinguished sphere of special and great occasions it may be doubted whether any other American minister has been called upon so often to respond to exceptional and critical demand.

It is abundantly evident that Doctor Buckley had excelling qualities as a preacher. In a most exceptional measure, he was in possession of wide knowledge. An omnivorous reader, his memory was encyclopædic. He seemed to have the rare faculty of commanding instantly for use any fact which had ever come into the field of his attention. I once heard him say that if the English Bible were destroyed, he could himself reliably restore two thirds of it from memory. His command of the Bible was no more wonderful than his familiarity with other departments of literature and history. He would appear to know the theology, the hymnody, the movements and the personnel of Methodist history with alphabetical familiarity. Thus furnished, he could not fail to be always an instructive preacher.

His voice, all things considered, was remarkable. While it could not be called musical, nor possessing in marked measure the quality known as magnetic, yet in reaching capacity, in wide range of modulation, it was an instru-

ment wonderfully trained to give instant response to both his mood and purpose. He acquired the art of easy enunciation, so when speaking to the largest audiences he made himself distinctly heard without appearance of laborious effort or undue physical strain. On special out-of-door occasions, as when speaking at a camp meeting or before Chautauqua assemblies, he could readily make himself heard to the outermost circles of great crowds. His voice, which might well be called "Buckleyan," proved on all large occasions where called into requisition, down to his latest years, a reliable and powerful reenforcement to his effectiveness as a public speaker. This is all the more remarkable when it is remembered that he began his public career under the ban of what appeared to be a fatal pulmonary impairment.

In his pastoral life Dr. Buckley did not hesitate to discuss and to agitate for social and moral reforms which he deemed needful for the betterment of the community life. During one of his pastorates in Stamford he initiated a no-license campaign which was conducted with such vigor and effectiveness as to give him instant fame as being one of the most powerful opponents of the saloon interests. The liquor

interests placed him under arrest on a trumped up charge of "conspiracy," the specific offense alleged being that he had hired detectives to induce saloon keepers to sell liquor at a time when such sale was unlawful. During this agitation he made a speech to a great throng of people in the old town hall at Stamford, which was declared by many who knew him well to be "the most eloquent of his life." Leading members of the bar both in Stamford and in Norwalk were employed in the trial, which itself proved to be one of the biggest temperance rallies ever held in the town. A justice, himself a liquor partisan, held the court upon the platform, the hall itself being crowded "to suffocation." Dr. Buckley "summed up" for himself, taking more than two hours for his speech which commanded throughout the most eager attention. So far as the "justice" was concerned, the plea seemed useless. For the bulk of his decision he read, without giving credit for it, an editorial from a New Haven paper, and, as was expected, bound the minister over for trial. Dr. Buckley was never brought to trial in the higher court, and thus was lost to the community a great occasion for furthering the interests of temperance. As a result of this campaign thousands of people signed the pledge,

and a no-license majority was registered at three successive elections.

Robert G. Ingersoll once, in a paragraph of masterful English, pronounced a eulogy upon some old whisky, a sample of which he sent to a friend. Dr. Buckley's position on the temperance question is well announced by a parody which he once wrote on Ingersoll's eulogy: "I send you some of the most wonderful whisky that ever brought a skeleton into the closet or painted scenes of lust and bloodshed in the brain of man. It is the ghosts of wheat and corn crazed by the loss of their natural bodies. In it you find a transient sunshine chased by a shadow as cold as an arctic midnight in which the breath of June grows icy, and the carol of the lark gives place to the foreboding cry of the raven. Drink it, and you shall have 'woe,' 'sorrow,' 'babbling,' and 'wounds without cause'; 'your eyes shall behold strange women,' and 'your heart shall utter perverse things.' Drink it deep, and you shall hear the voices of demons shrieking, women wailing, and worse than orphaned children mourning the loss of a father who yet lives. Drink it deep and long, and serpents will hiss in your ears, coil themselves about your neck and seize you with their fangs; for 'at last it biteth like a serpent and

stingeth like an adder.' For forty years this liquid death has been within staves of oak, harmless there as purest water. I send it to you that you may 'put an enemy in your mouth to steal away your brains.' And yet I call myself your friend."

In both ideal, conviction, and purpose Dr. Buckley was always a serious preacher. He had no sympathy with sensational methods in the pulpit. In all his announced pulpit teaching he might be counted a model of conservative orthodoxy. Whatever reserves of conviction, if any, which he may have kept within himself, he never betrayed as a denominational teacher any serious departures from accepted Wesleyan standards. He was never at a loss to support his teaching by a wealth of scriptural confirmation. His greatest forte was not in appeal to the emotions. He was preeminently a persuader of the will. He appealed for action from the standpoint of intelligent reason. When in the making of vital moral decisions intellect and will are in accord, the emotional life is sure to be stirred. His most effectual approach to the emotions was along the path of high intellectual and moral persuasions.

One of the greatest editors in recent journal-

ism, and who knew Dr. Buckley intimately, while confessing that it is not easy to analyze his power as a preacher, says of him: "Eloquent, in the sense that he embellishes his speech with opulent rhetoric, flights of fancy, captivating periods, warm imagery, he is not. That profound intellect there appears in its most satisfying guise, still arguing, still presenting proof, still enforcing argument with irresistible logic, still seeking to convince rather than to plead and persuade. Dr. Buckley could not, if he tried, be a popular preacher as the term goes. He is too sincere, too much in earnest to resort to efforts to tickle the fancy. He has a message to bear, and he sets about it in a way that will carry that message with the greatest force and power. In this effort he has achieved a style that is the perfection of simplicity, pure and chaste, which with his lucidity makes dark things plain to the humblest intelligence, while he holds the rapt attention of the learned and the thoughtful. Never, in the sense that Beecher, or the recently mourned Storrs were, is he an orator. Yet he commands and sways vast audiences. An humble man of little education and no piety listened to him within a year, through the accident of a funeral ceremony at which Dr. Buck-

ley pronounced the address, with open-eyed interest, and said at the end: 'If I heard that man many times, I'd be going to church every Sunday. He'd make me. And if I heard him all the time, I'd believe just as he does.' It was an unstudied and impulsive tribute, and a revelation of the personal power of the man." [1]

Dr. Buckley must be classed as a profoundly spiritual preacher. He has the high ideals of a prophet as to the claims of spiritual truth upon life and conduct. His own character and example are entirely compatible with the lofty mission of one whose chief concern is to persuade men in matters of eternal moment. In all his career as a minister his life has been exemplary, pure, thoughtful, a well-nigh faultless model of Christian living.

Dr. Buckley has been styled the "Wit of Methodism," the "Rupert of Repartee." His humor, quick and keen, always lies near the surface. His observation and knowledge of human nature are unusual. The movement of his mind is lightning swift. His perceptions are incisive. A mind of this type, in its very nature, could not habitually exercise itself in the pulpit without frequently stirring the humorous sense in the congregations. But this

[1] Doctor St. Clair McKelway, editor of the Brooklyn Eagle.

movement with him was spontaneous rather than studied. In his lecture on the "Psychology of Audiences" he has expressed his own views on this subject. He says: "Any minister who will try to make men laugh for laugh's sake is irreverent." The man in the pulpit who seeks to attract attention and to hold his audiences by "absurd gestures and stories" he characterizes as a "mountebank." In relation to public speaking in general, he says: "An orator should never trifle. I consider that he does so when he states things with gross exaggeration. I do not object in a temperance lecture to anything which will make the people laugh. If I were a lawyer and could tell a story which would make a turn upon my opponent and would make the jury smile at him, I should be very likely to do it. But when the matter is serious, as in a religious service, no man should trifle with his audience."

His sober sense of the character of his calling, his habitual seriousness of purpose, removed far from him any design to make a major use of humor in the pulpit. Nevertheless, his humor was too rich and full to admit of its total suppression, even in the pulpit. The older members of the congregations to which he formerly ministered still retain lively re-

membrances of what they would call his "pulpit witticisms." One of these says: "He had a way of saying things which was so original that he frequently had his audiences smiling. What he said in a humorous strain seemed to come incidentally, and although many years have gone since he was here, his preaching made a deep impression for that very reason. His manner was grave, and the lesson was always the important thing." An "elect lady" of a former congregation says: "I am surprised to read that he of all men is opposed to humor in the pulpit. Yet he was such a many-sided man that we never thought of him as a humorist. He was usually so earnest, grave, and serious, that his witticisms only served to impress upon us the telling points of his sermons."

He was so persuasive in his preaching, so sane in his appeals to the reason and judgment of the people, and, withal, so intent upon reaching the souls of men, that his ministry was attended with marked religious revivals. Under the nurture of his ministry and example his churches were soundly educated in the elements of Christian truth and character. His entire ministry was promotive of healthy ideals and growth in the spiritual life. He excelled as a pastor. Others may have seemed more openly

to have stressed the social and pastoral side of their ministry; but he, by quiet, methodical, and persistent attention to pastoral duties, won for himself a large and lasting place in the love and gratitude of the sick, the poor, and the unprivileged in all the communities which he served. He was courted and honored by the cultured and wealthy members of his congregations, but he was never derelict in a helpful pastoral attention to the humblest people in his parishes, and he found his rich reward not only in their own deep gratitude, but in the conscious approval of Him who will finally say unto him: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

There is much in the history of such a ministry to be treasured and pondered by every new generation of preachers. There is no more deadly arraignment of the materialistic moods of the times than is seen in their tendency to dim the vision of the age to the divine and supreme import of the preachers' mission. If there be any possibilities of high moral values, of prophetic and holy hopes for the world's future, if there is any place for things of enduring worth, for heroic ideals, any place for inspirations to unselfish consecration and uncon-

querable achievements for human betterment —then with these things and their kin lies the legitimate mission of the preacher.

If a given preacher is dull, narrow in vision, without broad intellectual sympathies, bigoted, indolent, a mental slacker, a man so wanting in consecration as not to command the admiration of the community for at least his sincere zeal— yet, that one man may be all this does by no means prove any defect in the true and divine ideals of the preacher's calling. If the race of prophets, of heroic moral idealists, of God's trumpet-tongued messengers, has not died out of the world, then, it is to such as these that the real preacher truly belongs. The true preacher is called upon, is under most exacting bonds, to live in the clear atmospheres and in that clearer vision which are found alone on the higher levels of character and of thought. A soul thus envisaged can never be other than morally dynamic. He gives proof positive that men now living in the vision of God, and who are divinely commissioned to summon the world to its best living, still form a part in an undying succession. Clean lips of men like these utter messages in which the world recognizes the voice of God. These are the elect prophets of the race. They are known as the moral heroes

of history. They have lifted on high the inspiring standards of human progress. From a far past, men of their kind have uttered messages so insouled with divine authority as to have outlived the material civilizations, kings, conquerors, and empires—messages which the passing centuries have only made more luminous and irresistible.

The inspired prophet, in all ages and in all spheres, has been the emancipator of life. Under his summons alone the race has abandoned its Egyptian servitudes for pilgrimage toward the gateways of a better future. If in the vision of the race there lingers the lure of a golden age to come, this vision has been kindled alone by prophetic inspirations. The preacher's true vocation and kinships belong here. In a sense distinctive, uplifting, royal, the preacher's calling, in its obligations, its opportunities, its inspirations, and in the eternal import of its message, is the divinest of ordinations. No man with its true voice in his soul can carry poor ideals, or other than a whole-souled consecration into his work. The world to-day, with fever at its brain, and a crazing madness at its heart, needs a new crusade of prophetic power. No world-age more than this has ever needed to hear and to heed

the voice of God's prophet. The Christian ministry ought at this very hour to instill a campaign of moral sanity, so potent, so irresistible, as to make it under God in the days that are right upon us the mightiest redemptive force of human history. A ministry Christ-impassioned, of invincible consecrations, whose inspired and luminous vision shall sweep wide horizons of human thought and need, is now a supreme need of the times. No age of apostolic inspirations, no age through whose persecuting flames has arisen the triumphant testimony of martyr and confessor, no age made illustrious by heroic leadership of reformer or message of evangel, has needed a mightier, a more inspired, or a more consecrated ministry. There never was an age when to be a fully ordained, and a richly equipped Christian minister was more needful, more morally potential, or more divinely honorable than to-day.

The ministerial life of Doctor Buckley presents many suggestive and stimulating lessons. He decided to enter the ministry only upon the basis of clear and mature convictions. He gave himself with all conscience and diligence to the duties demanded by his vocation. He was an incessant student. His mind and memory were not only saturated with the Bible, but

he literally ransacked all fields of knowledge and suggestion for the enrichment of his mind and function as a teacher. He had firm and sober convictions as to both the authority and the necessity of the truth which he felt called upon to preach. He was never a trifler, never a sensationalist, never sacrificing the ideal motives to ends of self-ambition or self-ease. He was serious as a man who felt that he must give account of himself to God. Not emotionally sentimental, he was much given to prayer. He was earnestly desirous on the basis of personal communion to know the mind and temper of Christ. He had such a sense of the intrinsic worth of all souls, that as a pastor he was scrupulously systematic and industrious in rendering a true spiritual ministry to all classes, to the rich and the poor, to the socially privileged and unprivileged, alike. His personal character, as uniformly evinced in conversation and conduct, was such as to command for him widest confidence and respect. Rich in knowledge, devout in life, noble in consecration, faithful in service, he so fully and symmetrically filled the ideal of ministerial usefulness as to prove himself a workman of God, needing not to be ashamed. His pastoral ministry was continuously and exceptionally fruitful.

CHAPTER IV

FIGHT FOR LIFE

At the time of this writing Dr. James M. Buckley is well past the eightieth anniversary of his birth. It may be said that, for his age, he is in a good state of physical health. His capacity as a pedestrian is such as to put many a young man who would compete with him severely upon his mettle. Yet it is probable that relatively few men now living have been victors in a more critical and dubious struggle against pulmonary attacks than is true of himself. In view of his own extreme experience, it is of special interest to know his views as to the essential heredity of pulmonary consumption.

At about the age of twenty he made application for life insurance. This colloquy followed:

"Is your father living? If not, of what disease, and at what age did he die?"

Answer: "He is dead; the cause of death was consumption; his age thirty-seven."

"Had he brothers and sisters?"

"One brother."
"Is he dead or living?"
"Dead."
"At what age?"
"Twenty-eight."
"Of what disease?"
"Consumption."
"Of what disease did their mother die?"
"Consumption, aged about thirty-five."
"And their father?"
"Of acute lung disease, aged forty-three."

Thus it would appear that the entire ancestral line had been swept away by consumption, none remaining save young Buckley and his still younger brother. Of course, the application for insurance was promptly rejected.

Surely, if a crucial test is to be sought, none more exacting could well be asked for as to the validity of the theories both of the heredity and incurable character of consumption than is furnished in this case. He expresses his own view as follows: "Consumption is never hereditary in such a sense that every child, or even a majority of the children, where one line is consumptive must die of it. Nor is it hereditary in such a sense that all children when both lines were victims of it die of it, or that none of them can or do live to extreme age." He also pro-

ceeds to show from authoritative records that very many cases of consumption, some of them far gone, have been restored to sound health, and their subjects have lived to normal old age. His own, certainly, is one of the most interesting of cases. Always of slight physical stature, yet as a boy he did not in proportion to his weight lack in strength, activity, or endurance. However, when at boarding school in his fourteenth year, he was attacked by acute bronchitis and was brought apparently near to death. His recovery was slow, and for a time he was subject to a cough and shortness of breath. All this naturally gave rise to the fear that he would soon go in the way of his father.

The practical effect of this condition upon himself did not seem to promote the caution of self-care. He too easily accepted for himself the view of a "short life and a careless one." He failed to take either the scientific precautions or the care which his condition called for. In 1856 he moved from a most salubrious climate in the Middle States to enter upon college life at Middletown, Connecticut. Here, in partnership with several of his fellow students, he undertook the "dangerous experiment" of boarding himself. The average expense of each student in this self-boarding company was

about eighty cents per week. He says, "Of the hardships of that period, the irregularity, the uncertain condition of the cooking, a volume might be written, and its proper title would be 'The Dyspeptic's Carnival.' "

The severer climate into which he had gone, together with his manner of life, served to develop "symptoms of pulmonary and gastric" disease. As has been indicated, during this fall he engaged imprudently in a Presidential campaign, in which he was in demand as a brilliant young stump speaker. Both normal sleep and regular habit were thus seriously interfered with. In the ensuing winter he taught school in a community where popular debates, held at far and near points, were in vogue. In these debates he was a popular participant. But the excitements and irregularity of his life proved too much for his constitutional resistance. "Hectic fever, cough, shortness of breath, and emaciation came on apace." Physicians gave him little hope that he could long survive. His fellow students considered him "as good as dead." In the spring and summer, however, from care and study free, by taking long open-air rambles through New Jersey and Delaware, he so far recovered his health as to return to college in the following autumn. Winter

found him again teaching school. With renewed strain and excitements upon his life, there came a repetition of the grave symptoms of the previous year. But the return of these symptoms of this year was made doubly fearful by the occurrence of hemorrhages.

Within this winter, as previously narrated, occurred a marked revival of religion in which young Buckley's own spiritual life was greatly quickened. Convinced that probably he had hardly a year to live, he determined to give such time as might remain to religious work among young men. "The year passed away broken with attacks of illness, including hemorrhages while preaching, and many other things not necessary to detail, that, in the opinion of physicians, pointed unmistakably to death." In a period of temporary betterment, however, he was received into the New Hampshire Conference, and made pastor of a large church. The work here proved so exhausting as to seem utterly beyond his waning vitality.

In his own narrative of this period, he says: "From 1857 to 1859 I was more or less under the care of physicians for acute affections of the lungs and bronchial organs, and dyspepsia. From early autumn to late spring I passed apparently from one cold to another, with an

interval seldom longer than a week between the successive attacks. During this period a morbid fear of taking cold arose, and no valetudinarian of eighty years of age ever wore more coats, caps, scarfs, fur capes and collars, and overshoes. Perhaps in the severe climate of New Hampshire some good resulted from this, but the practice was extreme. On warm winter days perspiration was induced, and being caught occasionally without the fur collar, or allowing the air to strike the neck, was followed by as bad a cold as might have been taken with complete exposure." During this period the constant performance of pastoral duties only made more certain both his exposure to, and the aggravation of, physical ills. In the spring of 1860 the betterment of his conditions usually occurring at this season did not take place. His hemorrhagic condition now took on a severe and most menacing form. The closest observers felt that he had but the shortest time to live. It was in the early summer following this that his presiding elder, the Rev. Calvin Holman, made the suggestion hitherto referred to —that he return home and prepare to die.

It is needless to detail the treatment of his case as prescribed by physicians. Following suggestions received from his reading, he be-

came his own physician. Careful to gauge his exercise by the measure of his strength, he began a systematic exercise of out-of-door walking and deep-breathing. The deep-breathing exercise was greatly facilitated by the use of the "inhaling tube," an instrument described as follows: "The tube is so constructed as to admit the air without difficulty, but to obstruct its expiration. It is not a blowing, but a breathing machine, designed to restore and maintain the habit of full inspiration and expiration of air. By its use all the muscles naturally employed in respiration are brought into play. It is impossible to use it without detaining the air in the lungs a considerable time, and breathing deeply. Every cell, whether diminished in capacity by the presence of tubercle or not, is thrown open and the blood arterialized." He further makes this notable statement: "To the use of the tube, the amount of time spent in walking and riding in the open air, and the observance of certain additional hygienic methods, together with the determination not to die, I owe my recovery."

He soon found that systematic exercise in the open air resulted in increasing strength and tone, until he was able to average about four hours a day out of doors, the tube being used

three times for about one half hour each time. It was in these days that he established the habit, which he maintained for several years, of taking in the summer a pedestrian tour of from three to six weeks' duration, and averaging a daily walk of from fifteen to twenty miles. From the beginning of his out-of-door course a somewhat prolonged period elapsed before he experienced decided benefit. He says:

"In 1861 no marked improvement was seen. In 1862 progress became more visible; and in 1863, while in Europe climbing the Alps, the last vestige of the disease, as was supposed, disappeared. As a result of continued exercise, shortness of breath gave place to a rather more than average lung capacity in actual use."

"Attention to health and to health rules considerably diminished; and in 1868, at the close of a long pedestrian tour, a violent cold was taken by undue exposure, which brought on an attack which in course of six weeks became alarming. A physician was consulted, whose prescriptions were faithfully followed without material improvement. At the end of two months, assuming that what had wrought a cure before might do it again, the regular use of the tube and systematic exercise in the open air were undertaken, and in about five weeks

the portentous symptoms disappeared, and from then till now not one indication of a tendency to pulmonary disease has been seen."

Reckoning from the present time, this was now nearly forty-nine years ago. It is conservative to say that within these forty-nine years a life-work of prodigious and varied activity, and of unmeasured fruitfulness, has been achieved. When the physical background of these years is taken into account, the subsequent life history seems nothing less than marvelous. That any man from a health foundation so apparently bankrupt and hopeless could build himself into the *status* of a physical, intellectual, and moral athlete, fortifying himself with the sustained strength and purpose which through nearly a half century have ranked him among the foremost workers of the age—all this must certainly compel from us highest tribute to the power of an invincible will when practically coupled with intelligent and ceaseless self-discipline.

Out of this history springs a lesson which should be of far-reaching practical value to a multitude of young lives now menaced with pulmonary disease. To the mental worker especially the lessons of this history should prove invaluable. Dr. Buckley early learned

that the fountain of healing and of health lies somewhere out of doors. He has been through all his life a phenomenal walker. During his long editorial career it was his frequent custom to leave his home-bound train at points several miles distant from Morristown and thence walk to his home. As has been stated, his summer vacations took on largely the character of pedestrian tours. In these periods of nominal rest he would aggregate walks of many hundreds of miles. His pedestrian habits are well illustrated in his booklet entitled Two Weeks in the Yosemite. From this publication I venture to quote somewhat at length.

"On any roads, for a month or six weeks, pedestrians can be found who can travel farther and end the journey in better condition than any horses, though the endurance of the mule defies all competition except that of the camel and the dromedary." Before taking his final leave of the Yosemite, Dr. Buckley desired to explore some of the more difficult cañons on foot. The description of his subsequent experiences in the adjacent mountains is so vividly interesting as to justify its reproduction in considerable part. Having apparently sought in vain for some traveling tourist who would share his adventures, and just about

as he had decided to employ a special guide, it was said to him: "There is a Scotch gentleman in the office whom you ought to see. He says he has been here three weeks, and has walked through the whole region, and if he could find a companion whose wind and limbs were good, he would stay a week longer." On introduction, the Scotchman, surveying him with suspicious criticism, said, "How long can you walk?" To this challenge the Doctor replied, "Eighteen hours without food or drink." The Scotchman rose instantly and said, "We will ascend the North Dome to-day." Buckley, in description of his own sensations just then, says: "The rain in the valley had been snow in the mountains, and I had not walked much since the preceding summer; but there was no room to hesitate. Though it was more than twenty miles, some of it of terrible climbing, I could not show the white feather."

"At eight we started, crossed the Valley, and just beyond the Yosemite Falls entered the Indian Cañon. For a little while we talked; but when the climbing grew difficult we needed all our breath, and hours passed away in silence. No proposition of rest was made by my companion; I would not cry, 'Hold! enough.' At last, after about four hours, we

met a noted photographer, accompanied by his assistant. They told us that the summit was covered with snow, and enveloped in vapors, and advised us to turn back; but that would not do, for neither of us could in honor propose it. On we went, waded through the snow, and reached a point nearly a thousand feet higher than the North Dome and a mile to the north of it. But from that point to our destination we walked on a magnificent granite causeway, sometimes with hundreds of yards with scarce a seam. At three o'clock we were on the Dome; beneath were the Tenayo Fork and Mirror Lake; opposite, seeming near enough to touch, stupendous Half Dome; to the east, the Sentinel Dome, and beyond, the Sentinel Rock, while in different directions we saw the various groups of high Sierras, from ten to fourteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. .

"The next morning, after requesting our accommodating landlord to keep our rooms for us, as we should not return for some days, we walked to Mirror Lake. This little lake derives its deserved celebrity from the sublime scenery surrounding it, and which is reflected from its placid bosom; and as the scenery is grander than that which surrounds other lakes,

the reflection is more beautiful. My friend, the Scotchman, whose name is Maxwell, said that there were good fish there, and he would catch some. While he did so I slept, hoping to fully recover from the fatigue of the previous day, which for a 'breaking in' was rather severe. The fish, when caught and cooked by a man who had a saloon there, were eaten, but they had a peculiar effect on us both. We became very sick, and concluded that the cook had used two pounds of grease for one of fish. Returning, we crossed the Merced River on a log, and began to ascend toward the Vernal Fall. In every direction the scenery was grand, but when we reached the Fall itself we were more than delighted with its beauty. Three times as high as Niagara—its volume, of course, not nearly as great—it was yet the largest we had seen in the Valley. As it was now nearly nightfall, we hailed with pleasure Snow's Cottage, at the foot of the Nevada Fall. Mrs. Snow is a Vermonter, a woman of shrewdness, activity, and disposed to please travelers. She knows how to cook all the plain dishes, and can furnish from her dairy milk and butter equal to those produced in her native State. We had recovered from the effects of our fish dinner, the walk had given us fine ap-

petites, we ate heartily, soon went to bed, and found that 'the sleep of the laboring man is sweet, whether he eat little or much'!

"At half-past six in the morning we breakfasted, and having provided ourselves with a sandwich, set out on a tour into the higher regions. Our route first was to the summit of the Nevada Fall, up a magnificently romantic path by its side. The top reached, we went out upon a causeway of rocks into the middle of the river, and from a kind of cape or promontory, just above the lip of the Fall, beheld the wondrous panorama. Perpendicularly descending beneath us was the Nevada; then the little spot of green, with Snow's house on it; below, the cascades; then the Vernal Fall; on the left, the lofty crest of the Sierras; on the right, the Cap of Liberty; and in the distance, portions of the main Valley, with a glimpse of El Capitán. Here one might remain motionless for a day, and never grow weary or desire a change of position. My Scotch friend suggested that I ought by all means to ascend the Cap of Liberty, and offered to point out the path; but said that as he had already made the ascent, he would amuse himself below. Accordingly, I began the journey up. The only difficulty was the steepness, for the trees were burnt

off at the base of the mountain, and for the last fifteen hundred feet of perpendicular ascent it was smooth, bare granite. The stillness and solitude deepened the impression of sublimity; the views continually increasing in grandeur and extent; and after an hour and a half of fair work the summit was reached. It is, as the name indicates, a mass of granite shaped like a cap, entirely smooth, but having on it one or two trees whose roots absorb all the earth there is. The scene cannot be described, and cannot be forgotten. . . I had not been on the summit more than twenty minutes when my companion appeared, and said that he would point out some objects which could not be identified without a guide. He then proposed to advance to the sharp edge of the cliff and look at the rainbows playing about the Nevada Fall. He did so, and stretching his body far out over the precipice, requested me to sit down upon his limbs, which done, he enjoyed for a few moments the scene, and then offered to exchange places with me, which was soon accomplished. If he had risen, or had been seized with a convulsion, no cannon ball ever rushed through the air more rapidly than my body would have plunged into the abyss. So long as neither of these happened, there was

no danger whatever, and the enjoyment amply repaid the trouble. The descent was soon made, and the question now arose, Where next?

"In the distance Cloud's Rest towered up more than ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, and about four thousand five hundred above our position. After a little deliberation, about noon we started for that mountain. At our left now was the Cap of Liberty, and beyond it the Half Dome, whose aspect is as imposing on this side as on the other, though its form is very different. For a few miles the way was quite level, and the walking easy; there was no bridle path then, as there is now, and we trusted to our eyes. . . At four in the afternoon we reached what we supposed to be the summit, but found that there are three peaks, the highest of which had not been visible at all from any point which we had passed before, and that it was at least half a mile from us. On we went, determined to attain it, and ate our last sandwich on the very crest at five o'clock. We saw, from Cloud's Rest, the Valley itself; Mount Lyell, thirteen thousand feet high; Mount Dana, thirteen thousand two hundred and twenty-seven feet high; Mount Hoffman, Mount Starr King, the Obelisk

Range, and innumerable peaks and ranges, and could apply to it a remark made by a well-known traveler about another mountain—'Only those who have been there can tell what a mistake is made by omitting it.' . . . After the adventures of this day, the tourists reached Snow's Cottage at nine in the evening, where they enjoyed a cooked supper and a night of profoundest sleep.

"At 6 A. M. we were up, and at 6:30 were off again, this time determined to 'bring up' somewhere else that night, or sleep out on the mountains. Having reascended to the summit of Nevada Fall, we continued our walk along the side of the river to the Little Yosemite Valley. Having spent some hours here, we returned toward the Nevada Fall, in search of a log on which to cross the river. None being found, Mr. Maxwell proposed to wade it, and, removing a portion of his clothing, made the attempt, but soon found that he had miscalculated the depth, and became thoroughly soaked with the coldest water. I preferred to disrobe entirely, and avoid the necessity of climbing in wet clothes. We then began the ascent of Mount Starr King, which rises steeply from the shore of the river. The chaparral, a very stiff, impenetrable growth, ob-

structed our progress at every step. In addition to the steepness, the labor was as great as that of forcing through hedges, and at the end of two hours we seemed provokingly close to the river. But by two o'clock we were as near the summit as it is possible for human beings to get by climbing. Professor Whitney says: 'Starr King is the steepest cone in the region with the exception of Half Dome, and is exceedingly smooth, having hardly a brake in it; the summit is quite inaccessible, and we have not been able to measure its height.' We think we were within six hundred feet perpendicular of the summit. Having surveyed the marvelous panorama, which stretched from Monte Diablo in the Coast Range, near San Francisco, to Mount Lyell and the Obelisk Range, we descended rapidly toward the Illilouett, or South Fork, along which we wandered for perhaps two miles before finding a place to cross. Mr. Maxwell could cross a log over a chasm five hundred feet deep, and his head would be wholly unmoved; not so with me—though under the encouragement of his example I improved. On this occasion I crawled across a narrow log, where a slip would have been fatal, taking the attitude of boys playing the ancient game of 'see-saw.' It was now 5 P. M., and we

were a long distance from any human habitation. According to Maxwell's judgment, we began to climb almost perpendicularly up the mountain side. Two hours passed in silence and severe toil, when Mr. M. cried out, 'There is a grizzly!' And so it was. The immense brute, however, showed no disposition to molest us, and walked slowly away into a rocky cavern. . . .

"At eight o'clock, with our tongues greatly swollen and hanging out of our mouths with thirst, there having been neither snow nor water on our last ascent, we reached the summit. The sun was just setting and the full moon rising opposite, and they seemed but a few miles apart. As they rose and set behind the vertical summits of mountain ranges, it seemed as though there was an invisible axis common to both, and that it was so inclined that one sank as the other rose. Never have I beheld anything more beautiful in the Alps or any of our American mountains than the blended rays of the rising moon and setting sun reflected from the snowy Sierras. . . .

"Across the valley, far up the Yosemite Fall, a huge fire was burning, kindled by Mr. Muir, a resident of the valley, who had an engagement to spend the night there with us; but we

had failed to reach it. The temperature was now about five degrees below freezing point, ice formed all about us, and our clothing, wet by the water in the cañon, began to grow stiff. We had no time to lose, and walked at a rapid pace to Peregoy's, arriving there at twenty minutes of one in the morning, having walked and climbed steadily from a little before 7 A. M. to 12:40 A. M. next day, making just the eighteen hours I had foolishly boasted of in the beginning. Peregoy could give us no bed, nor any dry clothes, so we sat over the cookstove until five o'clock, when two guides got up, and we slipped into their places and slept till six-thirty, when we breakfasted and afterward ascended the Sentinel Dome, subsequently going down the Sentinel Rock Cañon to the hotel, which was reached Saturday afternoon at four o'clock."

These extracts, taken from Dr. Buckley's experiences in the Yosemite, are justified in this chapter for two reasons: first, they furnish an impressive illustration of the athletic *status* reached by a man who only won because against most menacing odds he made a heroic "fight for life"; second, the incidents related are of most intrinsic interest.

The story of methods used by Dr. Buckley

for the recovery of his health has been widely told, and has made as widely for itself a vivid impression. A writer, whose name is here withheld, has recently published in a Los Angeles paper a personal statement of the case, which in form seems entirely sincere, but which in fact is *largely apocryphal.* This communication, however, nearly announces the real law of the case, and does it so artistically as to make its reproduction here not without interest. He says:

"Dr. J. M. Buckley, for forty years the editor of the New York Christian Advocate, was one of the most distinguished scholars and public speakers in America. He died a little while ago at about fourscore years of age." (At this present writing Dr. Buckley is very much alive.—G. P. M.) "After a great meeting, in which Dr. Buckley had addressed with psychic power six or seven thousand people, holding them entranced with his wonderful oratory, the writer asked him where he found that marvelous voice, for every person of that multitude had heard every syllable of the address, while no other speaker of that national convention had been able to reach the ear of more than half the assembly.

"Then he gave the following account of him-

self: At twenty-five years of age he found he was going with consumption, as his father had gone with it at twenty-nine, and his older brother at twenty-seven; and he seemed destined to the same fate. He resolved to fight it.

"He started from New York city afoot and walked to San Francisco. As he went he talked and sang and shouted, vociferated to men and trees and with every degree of force, from the lowest and gentlest to the fullest and strongest. He peopled the way with mortals and angels, demons and gods, beings visible and invisible, and spoke to them all, as a man will speak when conscious that he is triumphing over death; for he had that consciousness from the start. From San Francisco he walked to New Orleans, speaking all the way, and from there hastened home, a well man—healed by the Great Outdoors."

The narrative of this chapter, entirely aside from the fact that it is an essential part of an exceptional life-story, speaks lessons of highest value. Many an engrossed mental worker yields to the feeling that he cannot afford the time for ample out-of-door exercise. The view is a great fallacy. The man who takes time for ozonic exercise, thereby toning his muscle, in-

vigorating his nerves, inflating his lungs, and quickening his circulation, by this very process clarifies his brain, and so increases his general vigor as to enable him to do a larger and better volume of mental work in briefer time, and with far greater enjoyment in its performance than would be at all possible without paying this price. He will also thereby be almost certain to secure for himself a longer tenure of productive working life.

It might prove of value to many if attention were called to the fact that the subject of this narrative is a past-master in the art of providing every physical appliance which may aid in the most normal exercise of health-giving pedestrianism. He has not only scrupulously observed the sanest laws of digestion and of rest, but no man than he is a better judge of a thoroughly first-class, scientific walking shoe. His sense of physical sanity demands that muscle, nerve, and joint shall be accorded unobstructed normal rights.

CHAPTER V

EDITOR

THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE, the oldest weekly publication of the Methodist Episcopal Church, has had a continuous history of eighty-eight years. Its editorial management has been represented by a long line of able and illustrious men, including such names as Nathan Bangs, John P. Durbin, Samuel Luckey, John A. Collins, Thomas Bond, George Coles, Abel Stevens, Edward Thomson, Daniel Curry, Charles H. Fowler, James M. Buckley, George P. Eckman, and, including its present editor, James R. Joy.

Of all these men it was reserved for Dr. Buckley to hold the longest tenure of editorial responsibility. He was first elected editor in 1880, at the General Conference, holding its session in the city of Cincinnati. He held the tripod continuously until 1912, a period of thirty-two years. At his first election the entire number of votes cast was 377, of which he received 228.

The sketch of his personal history presented

in the Daily Advocate at the time of his election, gives the following characterization: "It would be difficult to say in what he excels, as he is so well poised that he seems equal to any emergency in debate, in the pulpit, on the rostrum, or as a writer. Few ministers have such a judicial mind as he. In debate he is incisive, clear, and striking, and abounds with original thoughts. In his pulpit he is illustrative, didactic, logical, and cogent. He prepares carefully, and often indulges in a sort of epigrammatic style. This renders his short, pithy speeches rich and racy. He makes temperance and Sunday schools specialties, frequently lecturing on these subjects. He possesses extraordinary gifts in discussion, speaks clearly and correctly, and always commands attention."

The appraisement of his talents is not to be found in any single department of his activities. His gifts are many-sided, and his exceptional power has asserted itself phenomenally in many diverse fields of action. In his long career in religious journalism he worthily won for himself the rank of a very Nestor in his profession. It is no exaggeration to assert that the variety of subjects which received his treatment, and the volume of thought to which he gave expression in his editorial function are so

immense as to pass ordinary comprehension. It is but conservative to say that in the volume and variety of his intellectual output Dr. Buckley justly takes rank among the most prolific minds of the age. It has sometimes been asserted that if it were not for the glamour of his brilliant reputation as a debater, he would not have received so high popular appraisal as an editor. It requires only a measured review of the volume and quality of his editorial work to disprove this assumption. Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler, a well-nigh peerless pastor, was a veteran contributor to, and a reader of, the religious journalism of the nation, and he did not hesitate to assign to Dr. Buckley the foremost rank among American religious editors. If for the long period of his official editorship he had confined his public activities solely to The Christian Advocate, his high historic rank as a Christian editor would be fully assured.

It is never to be forgotten, when seeking appraisement of James M. Buckley, in any department of his activities, that we are dealing always with an extraordinary character. His phenomenal fruitfulness can only be accounted for by appeal to the extraordinary. His memory was most impressionable and retentive. His store of general information was encyclo-

pedic. His knowledge of details was phenomenally accurate. He seemed naturally to give logical classification and place to every fact that had ever come within the range of his knowledge. In a remarkable way he was able instantly to draw upon the facts required for the uses of the moment. Coupled with abundant knowledge and a marvelous memory, was a quality of mind which enabled him at all times, like the master-genius of a battlefield, to marshal his force to desired ends. He was logical and orderly in his mental processes. His mind moved electrically to the goal of his purpose. What would have been hard and plodding work to many another, seemed under his processes to be mere intellectual byplay. He was, indeed, a kind of intellectual Atlas, in possession of a coordinated and symmetrized mental machinery which fitted him for the easy performance of what would prove to other men huge tasks.

His habits in composition were such as to give him exemption from the severe nervous strain which many undergo in the process of writing. His rule was to have as aid a most competent stenographer. He was careful beforehand quite fully and accurately to inform himself concerning subjects which he wished

editorially to treat. It is evident from the qualities as already noted that when the time came for formal statement, he was able on the instant to dictate his thought. In this process, as though to relieve an overpressure of material, he frequently dictated much more than he finally decided to send to the printer. With blue pencil, he revised the stenographer's proofs, thus giving final shape to his editorials. None the less he made much use of the pen in his editorial work, so much so indeed that he has been known to suffer at times from "writer's cramp."

In his long-time control of The Christian Advocate he not only regularly contributed a full measure of editorial matter, but he frequently furnished in serial form, sometimes running through many numbers, letters vividly setting forth his impressions on the most various questions of public and general interest. It may serve to give a just impression of the overflow of his intellectual activities in many directions, if a few instances of these special letters are given, as taken at random from the files of The Christian Advocate.

In 1886 he published twelve letters on "A New Invasion of the South." In the same year he published a series of pungent editorials

on "Collisions Between Employers and Employees." In 1894 he published a series of thirty-four articles on his personal travels throughout our own great West, Alaska, Canada. In the years 1905 and 1906 he published fifty-three letters on "The Mormons and Mormonism." In 1909 he published fifteen articles on the "Fads of Exercise Contrasted with Scientific and Symmetrical Development." In the same year he issued thirteen letters on the "Cream of the Memory Systems." In the year 1900 he published "Forty-one Storm-Centers in the General Conference of 1900." In 1911 he gave forth ten articles on "Mrs. Eddy's Errors in Common Sense, Science, and the Bible."

It must not be assumed that the foregoing list is exhaustive. It is simply a sample list which in amount of matter could be several times repeated. Any one of several of these discussions, had they been so gathered, would have made a sizable volume, and of material worthy of permanent embodiment in book form.

In the course of the long period of his editorial work it fell frequently to him to write biographical sketches of eminent characters, both in and out of Methodism, who had died. In this department it may be questioned whether

any other historic editor, within an equal period, ever wrote so many discerning, discriminating, various, just, and apt characterizations of departed lives, as appeared from his pen. Concerning this department, Dr. William V. Kelley, himself a literary artist, in an autograph letter to Dr. Buckley says: "When I had finished reading your editorial on Bishop McCabe, and tried to read its effect on my mind, I found such things as these running in my thoughts (a sentence which first framed itself some years ago came up again): 'Why does Dr. Buckley want to organize himself into an octopus and do everything better than the rest of us can do anything?' The most extraordinary delineator, portrait painter Methodism has produced—one of the most magnanimous and generous of men in his tributes to his brethren, alive or dead.—Such things were stirring in my mind as I sat back from reading your extraordinary and unmatchable editorial. Possibly you did not reckon among the captured prizes and decorations of your life, that you should be ranked among great artists. I have for a long time so held you."

It would, of course, be anticipated that not everybody would indorse all of Dr. Buckley's editorial products. He sometimes antago-

nized the preferences of men. He pointed a path in which some people did not wish to walk. Some could not always find themselves able to agree with his reasoning. And it would frequently happen that neither the substance of his thought nor the style of his statement would make appeal to certain types of mind. So far as this latter class is concerned, the editor is by no means excluded from good company. Not every one appreciates Shakespeare. Among many who make the attempt are those who fail to understand Browning. This is only to say that an editor who, as such, fails to be appreciated in some quarters, may nevertheless be found intrinsically worthy of classification with characters most illustrious. Doubtless, our editor's work was too intellectual in character, and was devoted to purposes too serious, to be in a large popular sense really appreciated or enjoyed. He wrote mostly for a constituency with a taste for intellectual and serious thinking.

The wayside incident is sometimes significant. Dr. Buckley tells the following on himself: "Traveling westward, about twenty years ago, I found the cars crowded, every seat being taken save one. Behind me was one of the most gigantic men I had ever seen; he was much

larger than ex-President Taft, even before he reduced his weight by sixty pounds. As I was scanning him he took out of his coat pocket several papers, and lo! they were copies of The Christian Advocate. I asked him if he took that paper. A deep voice resounded through the car, 'No! I don't, but my wife does; and I tell you they have an old cuss at the head of it who gives things their right names.' "

Dr. Buckley's editorial policy, which was closely adhered to throughout his long career, can be no better stated than by himself. In the first issue of The Christian Advocate, as under his editorship, of date June 3, 1880, after much consultation and mature thought, among other equally impressive statements, he said:

"In twenty-two years of public life, passed wholly in the pastorate, we have not been discontented. The ministry has afforded a sphere of useful, honorable, and delightful activity. Nothing less than the unsolicited call of the Church could justify a willingness to turn aside from it, even for a limited period. . . . We enter upon the work unconstrained by any pledge as to men or measures, having formed but one resolution and announced but one policy, namely, to make every effort to render THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE what it should be.

"But *what* should it be? As a Christian advocate it should explain and vindicate Christian principles as against the misrepresentations and attacks of infidelity. As the organ of a Protestant communion it should declare and vindicate the grounds of its refusal to accept the claims and submit to the spiritual and ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the Roman Catholic Church. As the organ of the Methodist Episcopal denomination it should explain its doctrines and discipline, its institutions and ceremonies. It should also describe its customs, and point out the reasons for them.

"It should furnish its readers with religious news—intelligence of the progress of Christianity in general, and of the Methodist Episcopal Church in particular. And it should discuss everything that relates to the moral welfare of mankind. But social, intellectual, and moral questions are so intimately connected that every domain of thought and action must be to some extent explored in the search for materials to be used in this work. On temperance, education, the rights of the common people, the relation of virtue to individual and national prosperity, it should have decided convictions.

"As it circulates among men of all parties, it should not discuss mere partisan issues, nor obtrude the political prejudices and prepossessions of its editor upon the people, nor descend to the details of party organization and action. But in the interests of truth and of the welfare of all classes it should fearlessly expose and denounce political corruption; and where political parties deal with moral questions it is especially called on to discuss fully and fairly those questions regardless of their effect on party issues—in all cases 'with malice toward none, and charity toward all.'

"It should keep its readers advised of the various philanthropic enterprises which from time to time attract public attention, and devote much space to the advocacy of those plans which have been devised and authorized for their extension at home and abroad.

"If there be any class of the population in the North or the South, the East or the West, peculiarly liable to oppression, THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE should be keenly alive to their interests, and open its columns to their defense. As it is the organ of a 'denomination,' it should 'express the mind of the body of which it is the organ.' It might, therefore, be supposed 'under a yoke,' and incapable of being the

'vehicle of free thought.' This would, indeed, be the case if the editor did not believe the doctrines, nor love the spirit, nor approve the usages of the Church.

"But we shall not be debarred the privilege, nor absolved from the responsibility, of endeavoring to improve the Church by reexamining its mode of action, and considering the transitions which are taking place; believing that while 'carping and revengeful criticism' is ever destructive, conservative criticism is a condition of genuine progress. . . .

"We are not unmindful that the editorial art is as distinctly a profession as that of law or medicine, and that we have it to learn; and whether we can acquire the nice discrimination which discerns what the public *needs* as clearly as what it *wishes;* and the tact which will persuade it to receive what it needs when what it wishes is not what it needs, is the experiment which we are required to attempt. It is at this point that we feel great diffidence. . . . Determined to be as diligent as if this were a private enterprise, we shall rely upon the sympathy, the prayers and the loyalty of the Church, whose representative and servant we are."

As Editor, Dr. Buckley quite fully exercised

the right which he reserved for himself in his original prospectus, "of endeavoring to improve the Church by reexamining its mode of action, and considering the transactions which are taking place, . . believing that conservative criticism is a condition of genuine progress."

While it must be said that his attitude toward the Church, both as to its doctrines and usages, was usually conservative, it remains probably true that no writer in the denomination has more fully expounded and defended both Methodist law and teaching. It is certainly true that no man has shown a more masterful knowledge of the genesis and development of Methodist history. Among legal authorities on Methodism it would not be extravagant to class him as the Daniel Webster of the Methodist Constitution.

At the close of an unprecedented tenure of thirty-two years as editor of the chief official organ of his denomination, Doctor Buckley voluntarily declined to be a candidate for reelection. His announcement of this purpose at the General Conference of 1912 created an occasion of most unusual interest. On the morning of May 27, he took the floor to make the following announcement:

"Thirty-two years ago Henry W. Warren was elected and consecrated a bishop. In the same year and by the same Conference I was elected editor of The Christian Advocate. Bishop Warren was elected for life; I for a single quadrennium. But through the confidence and favor of the Church I have been reelected seven times.

"During the last few weeks a very great many have asked if I wished to be continued in the office. Usually I have answered that 'if that were the case I should be glad, but if not I would not be sorry.' In every instance I have reserved in my thought final decision until the day of action should approach. Then all the tendencies coalesce. This fluctuation has culminated in the feeling that it is wiser to retire before the task becomes a heavy burden, though the duties of editorship have been very agreeable to me. Therefore, as the natural consequence, I wish my name to be withdrawn. I highly estimate and gladly acknowledge the favor shown to me by the eight Conferences which have placed and continued me in the office; and also by the pastors, the laymen, and the bishops of the Church who have encouraged me to believe that my official work has not been in vain."

This announcement awakened a sense of deep emotion in all hearts, but in obedience to the judgment that the Conference should not yield to the impulse to give extemporaneous expression to its feelings, a committee was appointed "to draft suitable expression of the appreciation of the Conference" as related to the history and voluntary retirement of Dr. Buckley. This committee, consisting of Drs. John F. Goucher, Henry A. Buttz, Charles M. Stuart, Freeman D. Bovard, and the present writer, on the morning of Tuesday, May 28, reported as follows:

"This General Conference has heard with keenest interest and regret the declaration of the Rev. James Monroe Buckley, D.D., LL.D., declining nomination for reelection to the editorship of The Christian Advocate. We recognize the conspicuous and sustained ability which has characterized his long editorial career—a service extending through eight full quadrenniums.

"His versatile gifts, his exceptional intellectual resourcefulness, his wealth of accurate knowledge, coupled with clear insight, quick perception, genuine brotherliness, a high sense of justice, strict loyalty to convictions, unceasing diligence—all of which supremely conse-

crated to the kingdom of Christ, has given him a rank of unequaled influence and leadership in the councils of his denomination. In general congresses of the Christian Church, where he has represented Methodism, he has stood among the mighty the peer of the best. For more than a generation his name has been pronounced among us as a synonym of strength and of brilliant abilities.

"We record our appreciation of the long, honorable, and highly useful service which he has rendered to our general Methodism; we give expression to the high esteem in which we hold him as a man, a Christian, an able defender of the faith, and an ordained leader in the Church of Christ. His record in our denominational history is one rich in achievement, and of secure and abiding recognition. We shall ever continue to cherish his memory in honor and in love.

"We unite in the hope and prayer that the future may hold for him a wealth of blessing, in health of body, in clearness of intellect, in buoyancy of spirit, and in all things needful to the cheer and happiness of his life, still affording him many years of continued usefulness."

The report was promptly supported by able

and sympathetic speeches from Drs. Edgar Blake, A. S. Kavanagh, Levi Gilbert, Thomas Nicholson, D. G. Downey, and for the laymen by Governor Wallace and the Hon. John A. Patten. Sentiments kindred to those so expressively voiced by these speakers were literally pressing for utterance in the hearts of hundreds of others on the floor of the Conference. When the Bishop put the motion for adoption, the great audience rose as one man. The impression of this scene is thus described by one of the editors of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. He said: "If ever a man could carry into the reflective twilights of age the comfort and bracing tonics of appreciation, that man is Dr. Buckley. What could this last General Conference do that was left undone? Did it not stand and respectfully pay Dr. Buckley its homage, when he came forward and read his memorable letter declining reelection to The Christian Advocate? Did not the lilies of a thousand handkerchiefs blossom as he moved down the aisle when the document prepared by a specially equipped committee was read, and the Conference awaited some word from him? His appearance was always certain of a salvo of applause. And observing him that hour when speaker after speaker paid

his eulogy, one could see a certain detachment of soul as if he were listening to the praises of another. When he spoke it was to caution against exaggeration. And as he spoke the eyes of some of the elder men—who understood —were wet with crying."

It is safe to say that few events in the editorial world have called forth more widespread or generous comment than that occasioned by Dr. Buckley's retirement from his official work. His editorial successor, in paragraphs of fine analysis, wrote as follows:

"When James Monroe Buckley entered the field of religious journalism he found it occupied by such men as Henry C. Bowen, of the Independent; S. Irenæus Prime, of The Observer; Henry M. Field, of The Evangelist; and Henry Clay Trumbull, of The Sunday School Times. He has survived all these leaders. . . .

"The versatility of his gifts, the copiousness of his knowledge, the clarity of his apprehensions, the keenness of his humor, and the warmth of his religious feeling, together with his remarkable facility in expressing his convictions in simple and in intelligible terms, have combined to make him an editor of singular force and effectiveness. To multitudes of per-

sons he has seemed to be an inexhaustible fountain of reason and spiritual energy. . . .

"For thirty-two years he has been not merely the guiding genius of THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE; he has been THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE itself. Other hands have labored to produce it; his spirit alone has animated it. Thousands of subscribers have eagerly awaited its weekly appearance as the approach of a personal counselor. It conveyed to them the message of a man whose judgment they had learned to trust with absolute confidence. A bright woman said the other day that the Bible and THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE held the topmost places of honor among the literary treasures of her home, and added that her husband never felt sure of his ground on any disputed point of morals and religion until he had read what Dr. Buckley had to say on the matter; reminding one of the affirmation of Fisher Ames, that when in doubt he always observed how Roger Sherman voted, and then contentedly followed him. Many persons will now for a season find themselves adrift, the trusted pilot having disappeared. . . .

"Doctor Buckley has made competition hopeless by the diversity of his excellences. He has writen history, theology, travels, es-

says, lectures—indeed, he seems to have tried a hand at everything except poetry and dramatic composition, and in every venture he has won distinction. . . His duties as editor of our chief denominational organ would have demanded that he become thoroughly acquainted with the history, constitution, doctrines, and discipline of our Church, even if his natural inclination had not led him to pursue these subjects. But he has followed them with so much zest and industry that no living man surpasses him as an authority on questions of church polity and Methodist doctrine. As a member of every General Conference since 1872, and of each Ecumenical Conference of Methodism, except one, since the first held in London in 1881, he has had unusual opportunities both to investigate at first hand, and to assist in making our recent denominational history. For many years he has been ready at a moment's notice to discuss any feature of our system, and to sustain his cause by citations from the records of the past, drawn from his capacious memory.

"If the possessor of so much knowledge does not exercise self-restraint in his communications with less liberally endowed mortals, he is likely to awaken jealousy and resentment.

This was the case with the great statesman of the South, John C. Calhoun, concerning whom an exasperated stranger who had just met him exclaimed: 'For the last three hours I have been on the stretch, trying to follow him through heaven and earth. I am wearied, and I hate a man who makes me feel my own inferiority.'

"Dr. Buckley, as the friend of every beneficent movement, the supporter of all wise social, religious, and political institutions, and the benefactor of universal Methodism, is to-day, and will continue to be throughout his subsequent life, the object of sincere veneration and unfeigned affection on the part of many thousands of persons in the four quarters of the globe."

It is not permitted in this narrative to give space to the wealth of appreciative and worthy eulogy which found expression in the press, both ecclesiastical and secular, on the occasion of Dr. Buckley's retirement from official life. After a most distinguished editorial career extending unbrokenly through eight quadrenniums, a career passed in the white light of publicity, a career which in its multifarious features had been predominantly appraised, tested, and approved at the bar of critical

public opinion, like a knight of brilliant achievement on unnumbered fields of contest, he came to the day when voluntarily he laid aside his shield and lance. He went white-plumed and unsullied to his well-earned retirement.

CHAPTER VI

DEBATER AND PARLIAMENTARIAN

HENRY WARD BEECHER once said that the loudest call any man ever has to the Christian ministry is when he is born. It seems a historic demonstration that preeminent men are born into the world with pronounced potentialities of their coming greatness. The poet is by no means the only man "born, not made." James M. Buckley early gave evidence of exceptional forensic gifts. Doubtless his inborn genius as a debater early asserted itself. From a very early history, it may be assumed, he successfully used his logic in his contentions with his guardians and seniors.

His debating career in the Alpha Omega Society of the Pennington Seminary has been noted in a previous chapter. In the winter of 1858, when he was just past twenty-one years of age, and while in the class of 1861, in Wesleyan University, young Buckley taught in the Academy at Bakerville, Connecticut. While here he engaged in a debate the fame and tradi-

tions of which are still held in living remembrance. In this community were many zealous Adventists. It came to pass that the young teacher was challenged to debate the question "Is the Human Soul Immortal?" His opponent was a man imported from Boston, and in the confident expectation that he would drive his antagonist from the contest overwhelmed with a sense of confusion and defeat. This man was a certain Dr. Howell, a physician, also a learned man, reputed to be a most convincing advocate of Adventist views. The debate was held in the largest auditorium to be secured. Every session was crowded to the very windows, ministers and "freethinkers" for many miles around regularly appearing in the audiences. The discussion lasted for four successive days, being conducted from two until four o'clock in the afternoon. It is sufficient to say that embarrassment and defeat did not appear on the side of the young teacher. His defense of the "Immortality of Mind" was so ably, so brilliantly conducted as to make the entire event the proudest and most memorable intellectual achievement in the history of the community.

The chief and significant outcome of this debate was its effect upon the mind of the

young teacher himself. He says: "What effect it" (the debate) "produced upon the hearers I am unable to state. The probability is that all who agreed with Dr. Howell in the beginning agreed with him at the end, and that all that agreed with me at the beginning held the same view at the close of the debate. This is generally the result of debates upon ecclesiastical and theological subjects. But the effect upon myself was great. I succeeded in convincing myself that the soul of man is immortal, and the effect of that conviction was to give me a totally different view of life from that which I had before entertained. About that time an extraordinary revival of religion occurred in that and in adjacent towns, in which, at the close of the debate, I participated, and my spiritual life was greatly quickened."

Doctor Buckley was transferred from the Detroit to the New York East Conference in the spring of 1866. Here there were furnished two especial theaters for the exercise of his forensic ability—the New York Preachers' Meeting and the Conference itself. In the Preachers' Meeting the prowess of this "Young Lochinvar Come out of the West" was early put to the test. The old knights, filled with a proprietary sense and a pride of

possession, were somewhat slow to give room for this latest arrived candidate for forensic honors. In an hour of imprudent overconfidence they not only challenged but provoked him to contest. As by the sudden and relentless stroke of a tornado, the citadel of their pride was broken down, and the chief trumpeters thereof were stripped and flayed.

The New York East Conference had won for itself wide reputation as a brilliant debating body. And now into its ranks came this new and unknown force. An entire volume, and not without vivid interest, might be written descriptive of debates in this Conference in which young Buckley took part. And there were great debaters in this Conference, among whom were included such names as George W. Woodruff, John A. Roche, Joseph Pullman, William H. Boole; and, among later names, such as John Rhey Thompson, Charles S. Wing, and James S. Chadwick. Those were the days of Daniel Curry. He was tall, muscular, strong-faced, white-haired, of imperial intellect, resourceful in knowledge, and utterly intolerant of any suggestion of successful rivalry against himself in the leadership of the Conference. A Spanish bullfight, though utterly unlike in its agencies, could not more

stir the blood of the spectators than did some of the early contests between Dr. Curry and the doughty young Buckley in this Conference. It was generally conceded that in sheer intellectual resourcefulness and force Buckley was certainly not more than the peer of Curry. But the younger man had a catlike agility which his senior did not possess. He also had absolute control of his temper. When he could not otherwise so easily win, he played his tactics on the older man's irascibility. Dr. Curry's method might remind one of the king of the herd who with head obliquely lowered toward the earth seeks to toss his enemy upon his horns. But the younger man always escaped these thrusts and lost no time in harrying his enemy at the very flanks. The memory of those long-gone days still awakens a tingling in the blood.

Dr. Buckley was first elected a member of the General Conference for the session meeting in the city of Brooklyn, in 1872. He was elected a member of every subsequent Conference down to and including that of 1912. He thus held membership in unbroken series in eleven of the legislative congresses of the Church. No adequate measurement of his power and influence as a debating parliamen-

tarian can be reached without an intelligent survey of his membership in the General Conferences. In these bodies, during the entire period from 1872 to 1912 inclusive, he took a foremost rank as debater. This is saying much. The General Conference is composed of the picked men of the largest Protestant denomination in America. A goodly number of its members, both clerical and lay, have earned the right to sit at the very "Round Table" of elect debaters. Yet, from the first, Dr. Buckley was a frequent speaker in the forefront of discussion. He never spoke without commanding respectful attention, and, in a large number of cases, his persuasion gave final form to the action of the body. Long before he had reached the middle term in the series of his General Conference memberships he was without dissent, and by common assent, acclaimed the greatest debater in Methodism, if not in the nation. While emphasizing his prominence as a debater in the councils of his own Church, it may not be forgotten that in this art he made for himself a nation-wide reputation.

His celebrity as a debater early earned for him a wide publicity and the most various characterizations. Some of the latter were, of course, more discriminating, more true and

just, than were others. Dr. Charles Parkhurst, the brilliant and veteran editor of Zion's Herald, and between whom and Dr. Buckley there was not always oneness of view, on the occasion of the latter's retirement from official life said: "American Methodism has produced only one Dr. Buckley, nor is there another man in the denomination with whom fitly to compare him. Many will have it that as 'Master of Assemblies'—as in the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, to which he has been elected for forty years successively—he has shown most striking superiority. Assuredly, in this assembly there has been no one to compare with him. His perfect self-mastery, his resourcefulness, always equal to any emergency, his strength in argument, his unanswerable logic, his sparkling wit, and, when needed, his stinging sarcasm—in all these and many other qualities, we have never seen his equal."

The Public Ledger of Philadelphia, speaking of the large body of delegates elected to the General Conference, says: "One half of the membership of these Conferences consists of a learned ministry, and the other half of a laity which embraces in its ranks jurists, lawyers, statesmen, some of them men of national repu-

tation, men who have attained distinction in legislative halls, men who are not without experience in dealing with large representative bodies. From all these Conferences held during the last half century Dr. Buckley has emerged easily the leader." At the close of the General Conference of 1908, the Baltimore Sun, reviewing the Conference, among other things said: "It is unquestioned that the most potent factor in the deliberations of the Conference was Doctor J. M. Buckley, editor of The Christian Advocate. No matter how frequently he spoke, his voice commanded attention for three reasons at least: because the Conference believed in his sincerity; because of his wide knowledge of the doctrines and polity of the Church; and for his impartial treatment of every subject at issue." Dr. Jesse W. Jennings, in observations of the General Conference, says: "Every victory won by Buckley on the Conference floor is won fairly; he will accept no other. . . . He is to a General Conference what an expert pilot is to a vessel feeling its way cautiously through an untried sea."

The press notices of Dr. Buckley were not all eulogies. There were many in the Church who thought him non-progressive, the leader of forlorn hopes. He was characterized as the

"Captain of Conservatives." One church reviewer says of him: "Organically, Dr. Buckley is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. . . . The opinions he held in 1872 are his opinions in 1904. He is not troubled as other men are by change of opinions. He knows exactly what he thought on any given subject at any given time by what he thinks about the matter now. He has had no psychological moments, no revolution in sentiment or opinions. He is not only himself, but a sort of composite accumulated self. What he has been is fully involved in what he now is." The Chicago Evening Post in 1893 said: "Mr. Buckley is narrow in his beliefs, reasonings, and conclusions. He permits of no expansion in the scope of his creed, and, while his efforts are characterized by honest conviction, the lenses through which he regards affairs are of a more remote period than the last decade of the nineteenth century."

Of his book on the Wrong and Peril of Woman Suffrage one reviewer says: "The book neither takes notice of the modern argument for woman suffrage nor successfully controverts the old ones. . . . The book may contribute to the amusement of a collector of intellectual curiosities." Of this book another

says: "Dr. Buckley is a good man, a useful and deeply sincere man, but his arguments are absurd."

These adverse criticisms form a part of the history which we are pursuing, and of them it is enough, perhaps, to say that they but utter a protest which from some quarters would inevitably be expected as against positions advocated by Dr. Buckley. He debated live questions, and by his methods smote hard against the very nerve centers of the opposition. It is to be observed that in the most drastic criticisms uttered, their authors usually reserve room for high tribute to the versatile knowledge and dialectical skill of him against whom they aim their strictures. On entering the arena they prudently notify the on-lookers that they are about to engage a valiant knight who in many a noted contest has laid his foe in the sand.

Dr. Buckley was successively a member of eleven General Conferences, a very unusual number. So far as I know, but three other persons in the entire history of the denomination have received each a larger number of elections. George Peck was a member of thirteen Conferences; Peter Cartwright the same; John Lanahan was a member of twelve Conferences,

as was also Joseph M. Trimble. The issues of the Daily Advocates, covering the sessions of the General Conferences from 1872 to 1912 inclusive, furnish large information concerning the debating and parliamentary career of our subject. He was always prominent, but in the earlier Conferences he did not frequently seek the floor. It is equally in evidence that he did not always carry his points. He made, first and last, many motions which were negatived by the body. In the later Conferences he spoke with great frequency, no other member of the body even approaching him in the number of speeches made. If explanation were needed for this fact, it would be furnished largely in the functions which the Conference itself assigned to him. He was several times chairman of the Committee on Rules for the government of the General Conference. The very fact that he was made chairman of this committee is in itself proof of his reputation as a parliamentarian. His work in the creation and defense of the rules governing the General Conferences required of him an accurate and commanding knowledge of parliamentary usages. In this special department he was never found wanting.

The system of General and Annual Confer-

ences characterizing the Methodist Episcopal Church is of a kind to develop great parliamentarians. No presiding position in church or in state calls for more expert mastery of the parliamentary art than is required of the Methodist bishop. Some of these administrative officers have reached the very *ne plus ultra* of the art. But in real knowledge, and instant apprehension, of legitimate parliamentary practice no one in any General Conference has shown himself more expert than Dr. Buckley. His absolute knowledge of his own parliamentary rights was no small factor in giving him commanding place in Methodist legislation.

In the General Conference at Omaha, an amusing and memorable incident occurred. Bishop Fowler was presiding. Dr. Buckley, having already taken some time on the main question before the house, the previous question now having been called for, feeling that he had been misrepresented by Dr. Neely, arose to a personal privilege. Several attempts were made to prevent his speaking with which the bishop evidently sympathized, but the Doctor, knowing his rights, insisted and finally the bishop was forced to give him the floor. Dr. Buckley instantly and facetiously remarked,

"The psalmist promises that we shall be delivered 'from the snare of the fowler.'" As instantly Bishop Fowler responded, "He also says that we shall be delivered 'from the noisome pestilence.'" Whereupon the Conference, as against all its rules, broke forth into an unrestrained tumult of laughter and applause.

In the General Conference of 1880, a committee was appointed to draft an "Ecclesiastical Code." Of this committee Dr. Buckley was made chairman. Here again was an occasion which called for a full and critical expression of his expert knowledge. At two successive Conferences, those of 1884 and 1888, he was made chairman of the Committee on Itinerancy, in every way one of the most important of the standing committees. It was his duty as chairman to expound and to defend the reports of this committee before the Conference. In the course of the two Conferences in question twenty-four of this committee's reports were adopted.

For five successive Conferences, beginning with 1892, he was chairman of the Committee on Episcopacy. His duties here involved him in the most delicate relations, such as the retirement of ineffective bishops, the hearing of com-

plaints against bishops for alleged maladministration or on other grounds, the number of bishops to be elected, the assignment of episcopal residences, and many other allied questions. There is no committee of the General Conference concerning whose functions the body as a whole is more sensitive than this Committee on Episcopacy. No man in the General Conference, including the bishops themselves, is charged with more delicate or difficult responsibility than is the chairman of this committee. His duties call for knowledge, insight, wisdom, tactfulness, courage, firmness, kindliness. A review of the five General Conferences in question justifies the judgment that Dr. Buckley showed himself in command of all these qualities in exceptionally high measure. In the course of these Conferences sixty-seven reports as presented by this committee were adopted. It is obvious that, as growing out of his duties alone as chairman of committees, his voice would of necessity be frequently heard on the floor of the General Conference.

It is impracticable in this narrative to give anything like a detailed description of Dr. Buckley's speeches in the various General Conferences. Full statement of them all would fill a large volume. It would be a mistake to as-

sume that he seldom spoke except when in discharge of his duties as a committee chairman. He had the habit, a habit which he never sought to disguise, and for which he never apologized, of asking for the floor whenever he felt that he could contribute a fact or an idea promotive of a wiser direction or action of the General Conference itself. His knowledge was so perfect, his mind so alert, his apprehension of a situation so instantaneous, his habit of discussion so insistent, as to give him irresistible prompting to frequency of speech.

Notable among his speeches was that delivered, in one of the greatest of historic debates, in the General Conference of 1876, against electing presiding elders. In the Conference of 1880 he made a great speech on the reunion of Methodism. These were among his earlier Conferences. In all the subsequent Conferences it may safely be said that no proposition as affecting the life of the Church was ever presented concerning which his voice was not heard, either for or against. He made exceedingly able speeches on such subjects as "Placing the Support of the Bishops on the Entire Church"; on the "Time Limit"; on "Equal Lay Representation"; on the "Admission of Women to the General Conference"; on the

"Constitution of the Church"; on the "Deaconess Work"; on the question of "Bishops for Races." Aside from the larger questions, he was frequently heard upon other subjects, so much so that the Conference was sometimes facetiously reported as "Dr. Buckley in Session." It may be doubted whether any other American Methodist has ever lived who could have spoken so often, so interestingly, and with such welcome as was true of him throughout his General Conference career. He is reported as having taken the floor seven hundred times in a single General Conference. This is undoubtedly an exaggeration, a kind of hyperbole employed to give due prominence to a general fact. His recognized sanity, however, bulked so large as to give him always a respectful, if not an eager, hearing.

One of the Chicago dailies reports a colored delegate to the Conference of 1900 as saying: "Dat air Brudder Buckley am de mos' omniberous critter I ever see! He jes' dips inter eberyting! He seems to think de Ark ob de Lord would all go ter kersmash if he didn't stiddy it! I am jes' dead tired ob dat chile's gobble, I am! Next time we will have to call dis 'de Buckley General Conference.'" This may perhaps serve as a typical example of an

occasional impatience with Dr. Buckley's much speaking.

Reference has been made to his conservative tendencies. Nothing is perhaps more enigmatical to his closest observers than his uniform conservatism of expression throughout his entire official career. In his earlier life he seemed to carry within himself all the aptitudes of a born radical. If full play had been given to these aptitudes, it can be little doubted that in the character of a free lance he would have made a career not less brilliant than the one which he has really achieved. I must believe that the conservatism which has characterized his official history is largely the outgrowth of his acquired habits as a constitutional lawyer. He early came to feel himself as greatly responsible for defending the Church on its historic basis. His dominant habit of mind has not always shown itself compatible with the temperament of the seer. It has hence resulted that the expanding Church has remanded to the rear several important historic usages for the retention of which Dr. Buckley stoutly contended. The removal of the "Time Limit," the "Eligibility of Women to Membership in the General Conference," the use of the "Individual Communion Cup," are among questions

to which he gave no hospitality, but which are now engrafted into the living usages of the Church, and, so far as can be seen, without detriment to the efficiency of the Church itself. Dr. Buckley is a good loser. It is much to his credit to say that when the Church officially embodies into its usages a measure which he himself has definitely opposed, he considers the question settled, and himself accepts the result in a spirit of philosophical equanimity.

Dr. Buckley early won for himself the premiership of debaters in any deliberative assembly of which he was a member. The Ecumenical Conferences of Methodism are made up of picked men from the ends of the earth. Concerning his relations to the Conference held in Washington in 1891, an accredited correspondent of The Methodist, of Sydney, Australia, said this: "He is the mighty man of valor, who can step into the arena at any moment and do battle with a dexterity and force which few of the enemies of the Church care to provoke, while his influence in shaping the policy and inspiring the enterprises of his denomination is greater perhaps, than that of any man within its bounds. . . . I was introduced to this remarkable man at the Ecumenical Conference of 1891, in the city of

Washington, and in the slight intercourse I had with him I found him as genial and friendly in private as he was brilliant and able on the floor of the Conference. . Other men of distinction were there: William Arthur, possessing both genius and saintliness; Dr. Douglas, the pride of the Canadian Church; Hugh Price Hughes, with his vast debating power; and many others of world-wide reputation, but on all hands Dr. Buckley was regarded as the Nestor of the Conference."

A United States senator, who had frequent opportunity of observing Dr. Buckley in debate, declared that if he were in the Senate, he would easily become the most conspicuous leader of the body. Our age has probably known no more resourceful debater. He was like a man armed on all sides with all weapons needed for use in the arena. With instant dexterity he could lay hold upon any device or argument needed at the moment, and woe be to the man who had provoked the machine-gun fire of his sarcasm. It must be said, however, that his habitual method in debate was on a high and fair-minded plane. He was singularly free from personal animosities. He was fearless of any possible effect of his positions upon his personal fortunes. He saw things

clearly, and without reference to individual consequences to himself or to others, he argued for what he sincerely believed was for the right and best. He will enter the arena no more. It now seems altogether probable that he will have no immediate successor. Of all the Methodist hosts of his day, he wore worthily and unchallenged the crown as "King of Debaters."

CHAPTER VII

TRAVELER

DOCTOR BUCKLEY has traveled widely at home and abroad. Throughout his professional career, as preacher, lecturer, tourist, pedestrian, he has visited nearly every point of interest within the United States and its Territories and also in the Dominion of Canada.

The following statements will furnish some index of his travels in his own country. It may serve the purpose of some readers if the time of publication of letters now mentioned is stated. All the letters indicated appeared in order in The Christian Advocate as follows: In 1882, many letters under the caption "Editor's Travels"; in 1885, "Tour in Two States and a Foreign Country"; in 1886, twelve letters under "A New Invasion of the South"; four more on "Summer Journeys for Business or Recreation"; in 1887, seven articles on "Rolling Over the Continent"; in 1888, four letters on "Sketches of a Journey Toward the Sun"; in 1892, eight letters mostly on "Denver and Colorado"; in 1893, five letters, "Notes of

a Zigzag Tour"; in 1894, thirty-four articles on "Over the Border," "Westward Ho!" "Capital of Manitoba," "Through Alaska," "Yellowstone Park"; in 1895, four letters on "Beyond the Mississippi and Missouri"; in 1897, eleven letters on "A Trip Through the South"; in 1899, several letters on "Glimpses of Tennessee"; in 1901, eleven letters on "Southwestward Ho!"; in 1903, eleven letters on "My Summer in the South"; in 1904, a series on "Los Angeles to Salt Lake City," also on the "World's Fair"; in 1906, thirteen letters altogether on "The Maritime Provinces of Canada" and "The Great State of Illinois." Of our editor's travels in his own country, The Christian Advocate alone has published more than one hundred and twenty-five full articles, enough matter for several sizable volumes, and all of which even now would furnish interesting reading. But these letters cover only a part, however large, of the history of his American travels.

From this summary of travels in his own country we now turn our attention to the foreign tours of which this chapter principally treats. His first voyage to Europe occurred in 1863, when he was in his twenty-seventh year. He had now completed a two years' pastorate

in the city of Manchester, New Hampshire. The condition of his health was most precarious. He decided to take this trip for, "Rest, Change of Climate, Improvement of Health, and Enlargement of Outlook." The time was midway in the "Civil War." By his patriotic speeches he had already gained a celebrity which drew to him the eyes of national leaders, including Mr. Lincoln. He went carrying letters of indorsement from Horace Greeley; Charles Sumner, who at that time was chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs, Daniel Clark, United States senator from New Hampshire. The governor of the State also gave him a letter of indorsement bearing the State Seal. These letters were addressed to certain members of the British Parliament, and certified to Mr. Buckley's fitness "to explain the Constitution of the United States so far as it affected the Civil War."

During this tour he visited England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland, Holland, Belgium, France, Germany, and Switzerland. His stay among the Alps was so beneficial as to impress him that he had entirely recovered his health. His published notes of this trip are more especially confined to England. During his stay here he held intimate interviews with several

representative ministerial associations, and delivered addresses on the "Civil War." His visit to England was simultaneous with that of Henry Ward Beecher. On that memorable night in Liverpool when the mob undertook to silence Mr. Beecher, Buckley sat upon the platform not more than six feet away from the speaker. Of this scene he published a vivid description years after in the Century Magazine. It is his declaration that "Henry Ward Beecher that night achieved a marvelous triumph of eloquence and wit over intellectual drunkenness, and in some instances physical drunkenness."

Of this trip nothing is perhaps more interesting than his notes on several celebrities whom he either directly met or observed. Of preachers he repeatedly heard Spurgeon, whom he rates as "one of the most successful preachers and pastors combined, in the history of English-speaking Christianity." He heard Punshon when he was at the "height of his rhetorical glory." He heard Dean Stanley, "calm and comprehensive"; Joseph Parker, then a young "thunderbolt"; and he was privileged to hear the famous Guthrie in his church at Edinburgh. In music, he heard the great pianist Thalberg, Jenny Lind, Madame

Alboni, and Parepa, artists of world-wide reputation.

In several visits to the House of Parliament he looked upon the faces of Gladstone, John Bright, and Richard Cobden. He listened to speeches from Lords Russell, Palmerston, and Brougham, and, not least, from Disraeli. He describes an interesting observation of Tennyson. He was requested by the New York Independent to secure an interview with the poet, and to write it up for the paper. The poet was away when the interview was sought, but one day when visiting the South Kensington Museum, Buckley observed a party consisting of a gentleman, two ladies, and two children, to whom the caretaker seemed to pay great deference. On inquiry he found that this man was the poet Tennyson. Following him at a proper distance, he noted that the man had apparently not spoken a single word for more than an hour. At last the poet, turning to one of the ladies as though about to speak, Buckley drew gently near, only to hear "these never-to-be-forgotten words": "You hold the children while I get a glass of beer."

These were before the days of the Atlantic cable. The transmission of news was slow, and many waited with impatient eagerness tidings

from across the seas. In London, Junius Morgan, the father of J. Pierpont Morgan, on Mr. Buckley's arrival in England, most courteously, but earnestly, extracted from him all he knew of men and things at the time of his sailing from New York. On his return, after a six months' absence, the directors of Plymouth Church invited him to preach and to describe the scene of the Liverpool mob. On this occasion Theodore Tilton, then in high favor in church and state, as Mr. Beecher had now exhausted the time for which the Church had authorized his absence, offered a resolution of which the following is in part a copy: "*Whereas,* also he is doing his country immeasurable good, be it *Resolved,* That he may remain so long as he considers himself to be promoting the purpose for which he went abroad at this time." This resolution, of course, rereceived the unanimous support of the congregation.

Dr. Buckley's second trip to Europe occurred in 1881, when he went abroad as a delegate to the Ecumenical Methodist Conference held that year in the city of London. The influential part which he himself took in the proceedings of this Conference is set forth in the volume giving a *verbatim* report of all

speeches and a full history of this convention of world-Methodism. Many incidents of this trip are also most interestingly presented in a series of nine letters published in The Christian Advocate from September to December, in 1881. As this was the period when the English ecclesiastical world was much stirred by the trial of Doctor Robertson Smith, his case, as also certain "English Traits," were luminously discussed in these letters.

On the 19th day of June, 1884, Dr. Buckley, accompanied by his stepson, Mr. Samuel Staples, then a young man of eighteen years, embarked on the S. S. Baltic for his third trip to Europe. This trip, while in transit it included Liverpool, London, Holland, Cologne, the Rhine, Frankfort-on-the-Main, Dresden, Berlin, and Hamburg, had for its chief objective a thorough tour of the northern countries of Europe, including Denmark, Norway, Sweden and Russia. At Hamburg, if not earlier, the party was joined by Mr. Charles E. Hendrickson, an American lawyer. In the northern countries named a journey of about ten thousand miles was taken. Close observations were made of their cities, arts, their social, educational, and religious customs, their natural resources, and, indeed, of all the salient

features entering into their civilizations. A history, in part, of this trip appeared under the heading "Letters From Europe," thirty-six in all, appearing in The Christian Advocate from August 7, 1884, to April 16, 1885. The journey as a whole is graphically and instructively narrated in the book, The Midnight Sun, The Tsar and the Nihilist as published by D. Lothrop & Co., in 1886.

In preparing this book he expresses the hope of imparting "to such as has never seen those countries as clear a view as can be obtained from reading, and to aid those who contemplate a similar journey to prepare for it. Besides, I wish to show those who find the beaten track of travel monotonous that the north of Europe may give them new sensations and valuable information." The book remains to this day a most interesting narrative of travels in countries which are not even now familiar to general tourists. In addition to a description of travels, our author embodies in four elaborate chapters his impressions of Nihilism, a cult which for many recent years has carried in itself a tragic menace against Russian civilization. While it is probably true that no modern civilization is characterized by more rapid changes, none by more hopeful

strides of progress, than is true of Russia, and while consequently many things now are much different from what they were at a period even as recent as the writing of Dr. Buckley's book, yet it may be confidently stated that few books, within its scope, are more illuminating of its subject than is the one here under consideration.

Our author's paragraphs on the "Contrasts Between Russia and the United States" are such as to enhance in the bosom of every American reader an exalted and grateful sense of his privileges of citizenship. These statements of contrast are in part as follows:

"Russia and the United States resemble each other in the vastness of their territory, in the size and number of their rivers, in their modern origin as nations, in the gigantic character of their undertakings, in population and its wide diffusion, and in variety of mineral and agricultural products. They also resemble each other in the vastness of their prairies, the extent of their forests, their immense mineral resources, and in having every variety of climate. Politically, they are similar in being the two great nations of which other powers are suspicious and jealous, and, growing out of this fact, in having sympathy with each other.

"In America religion is free; in Russia, theoretically, it is not free. Though dissent is tolerated, it is greatly embarrassed.

"In Russia the great majority of the people are wretchedly poor; in America the great majority are in comfortable circumstances, and only a small minority miserably poor.

"In Russia public opinion has little or no power; in America it is almost omnipotent. In the United States all public matters are discussed without restriction, and no censorship of the press exists. In Russia anything worthy the name of discussion is unknown, and a frightful censorship of the press still continues to be. In the United States a high degree of mercantile honor yet prevails; in Russia it is the exception.

"In Russia nothing relating to the general administration of affairs is subject to a controlling vote. There is nothing analogous to a legislature." (Since the writing of the above and following "contrasts," the Czar of Russia, on August 19, 1905, issued a manifesto announcing the formation of a representative Duma, "to take a constant and active part in the elaboration of laws." On the 30th of the following October he signed a constitution granting to the people the foundations of civic

liberty, and establishing a rule that no law should come into operation without the consent of the state Duma. At the time of this final writing, in correction of proofs, events are moving rapidly in Russia. The Czar has abdicated. The entire country is tossed in the throes of revolution. The participation of Russia in the great war seems to have collapsed. The governmental affairs of the country in general are so chaotic as to render all predictions for the future mere guesses, and most uncertain.—G. P. M.) "The four great councils can accomplish nothing without the consent of the Emperor. In the United States the will of the people is the last authority. In Russia the writ of *habeas corpus* is unknown; the personal liberty of the citizen is at the caprice of the authorities. In the United States individual liberty is granted to every man not a pauper, a lunatic, or a criminal. And a legal and public investigation of charges against him is his indefeasible right.

"In the United States dissatisfaction with the administration is followed by its overthrow at the polls. In Russia dissatisfaction with the government has no legitimate means of expressing itself."

Of Dr. Buckley's six journeys to Europe,

the fourth was the most elaborate, and possibly the most interesting, of all. This extended tour began by embarkation from New York, on November 21, 1888, and ended by return to the point of original departure in the latter part of May, 1889. The traveler had now clearly acquired for himself a national reputation. He was decorated with the highest titles of the learned world. It would be superfluous to attempt any detailed description of the long and far journey now taken. A most instructive and luminous narrative of his experiences and observations in all the lands visited is furnished in his large volume, Travels in Three Continents.

Narratives of foreign travel have, in the recent years, greatly multiplied. Some of these are of exceeding merit. It may be questioned, however, whether any record of travels in lands and among peoples described in the above-named book can be said to be more instructive, more vivid, or characterized by a more discerning insight into conditions observed, than as set forth in this volume. Of this book, Paul DuChaillu, the famous explorer, said: "It is the one book of foreign travels which I find reliable, satisfactory, and most free from error of statement."

On this journey the traveler passed hastily, though not without making interesting notes by the way, from London to Paris, and thence to an extended tour of observation in Spain. His descriptions of Spanish scenery, art, and architecture, his delineations of historic scenes, of eminent national characters, his photographic portrayals of the Spanish people, their common life and customs—all are of unusual interest, not simply because they are set forth with artistic power, but also because the objects described lie largely outside the beaten paths of observation.

On Christmas afternoon our traveler sailed through the Bay of Malaga, taking a southwest course in the Mediterranean. After stopping briefly at unimportant points, the steamer arrived on the second day in the Bay of Tangiers, in Africa, a harbor on the south side of the Straits of Gibraltar. From Tangiers we trace the itinerary by turns to Gibraltar, to Algeria, thence northward again to Marseilles, and in order to Genoa, Milan, Venice, Florence, Rome, Naples, Vesuvius, and Pompeii. On the morning of February 4, our party sailed from Brindisi for Alexandria, a point reached "after four days of fine weather and smooth seas." He was in Egypt, the land

which Herodotus, writing B. C. 456, described as "the cradle of history and of human culture." He said of Egypt: "It contains more wonders than any other land, and is prominent above all the countries in the world for works that one can hardly describe." "When General Grant, after his tour around the world, met Andrew D. White, ex-president of Cornell University, he said to him, 'After Egypt there is nothing.' " In this land of ancient wonders Dr. Buckley took time to visit the great cities, the Pyramids, the Sphinx, the ruins of temples, the desert, and for traversing the Nile to the "First Cataract."

Departing from Egypt, he left Cairo by train which bore him along the skirts of the Arabian desert to Ismaïlia on the Suez Canal. Hence he went by the Canal to Port Said, where he took steamer for Syria, thus taking final leave of Africa. He was now approaching the shores of a land forever sacred in the traditions and records of three great religions —Judaism, Christianity, and Mohammedanism. Disembarking at Jaffa, the scene of many New Testament incidents, a city which as late as 1799 was stormed by the forces of Napoleon, he went by carriage across the plains of Sharon to Jerusalem. When in the

evening he first saw the lights in the suburbs of the ancient city, he describes his feelings as follows: "It was a moment of delight, of solemnity, of sublimity. For of it the greatest of the kings of Israel said, 'If I forget thee, let my right hand forget her cunning.' To it the Son of God said: 'O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, . . . how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!' And it became a type of heaven, for Paul said, 'Jerusalem which is above is free, which is the mother of us all.' And John saw in the spirit 'that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God.' And I stood at the gates of Jerusalem."

Our traveler remained in Jerusalem and its environments a sufficient time to permit him to review every location in its relations to biblical history as set forth in both the Old and the New Testament narratives. In going to Palestine it was his purpose "to visit every sacred spot in the manner best adapted to allow close examination, vivid impression, and the greatest amount of familiarity with the people and country."

In departing from Jerusalem he leisurely pursued his way northward past the sites of

ancient Bethel, Shiloh, Mount Gerizim; thence through the historic scenes of Samaria, crossing the great plains, which, in general, pass under the name Esdraelon, into Galilee, that province "which binds together so many of the most holy memories of our race." [1] Here he visited Nain, Mount Tabor, Nazareth, Tiberias and Capernaum on the shores of the "Sea of Galilee," and thence by Mount Hermon to Damascus. Of this city, Dr. George Adam Smith in his Historical Geography of the Holy Land says: "We have met her fame everywhere. She has seen the rise, felt the effect, and survived the passage of all the forces which have strewn Syria with ruins. There is not a fallen city we have visited but Damascus was old when it was built, and still flourishes long after it has perished. Amid the growth and decay of the races, civilizations, and religions which have thronged Syria for 4,000 years, Damascus has remained the one perennially great Syrian city."

From Damascus Dr. Buckley went by the Lebanon Pass to Beirut. Thence visiting the islands of Cyprus, Rhodes, and sailing past Patmos and other points of interest, especially as mentioned in the travels of Saint Paul, he

[1] George Adam Smith, Historical Geography of the Holy Land.

disembarked at Smyrna. Having visited Smyrna and Ephesus in Asia Minor, he took final leave of Asia, passing on to Athens, Corinth, and Constantinople, thence hastily pushing his way through Eastern Roumelia, Bulgaria, Servia, Hungary and Vienna, to Paris and New York. He was absent from his native land a little more than six months. On returning home he takes occasion to express his feelings in the following quotation:

> "Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest;
> Home-keeping hearts are happiest."

In attempting to trace only in broad outline this famous itinerary the impracticability of giving much detail of the varied and inspiring interest awakened by the author's own elaborated narrations of his observations and experiences, is, of course, obvious. This itinerary not only covers the most classic lands of human history, as also lands made forever memorable by the most sacred events toward which human thought can turn, but it leads through countries most enriched by the treasured art and literature of the ages, countries which in modern days represent the ripest and best developments of the world's civilization. When, in addition, it is remembered that our guide through all the distances of this won-

drous journey is a man of phenomenal knowledge, of exceptional insight, and with equal powers of description, we shall certainly be wisely self-directed if deciding to become first-hand students of his own matchless narrative. This narrative carries an extraordinary wealth of historic incident and illustration; it is rich in descriptive references to classic and famous characters; it is informing as to the geography, governments, and political relations of the lands which it traverses; it is photographic in its portrayals of the manners, customs, arts, religion, and morals of the peoples with whom it deals. It was the ideal of the author in preparing this volume to write both so truly and so vividly as to "enable those who do not expect to cross the ocean to see, 'while looking through my eyes,' almost as well as with their own." This ideal is large. But it only requires a careful reading to prove that the book measures up well to the high demand.

On May 14, 1910, Dr. Buckley, in company with his daughter, again sailed for Europe. This tour has been interestingly described in the columns of The Christian Advocate. The sailing was direct from New York to Gibraltar. From Gibraltar the party went to Granada, here, of course, visiting once and

again the Alhambra. Of this structure, with its picturesque mountain environment, Dr. Buckley has said: "In the deepest valley or the most gloomy desert on the globe, the Alhambra would intoxicate and enthrall; but its situation increases its fascination immeasurably. I doubt if earth contains a grander natural setting for a more astonishing human creation."

From Granada they went to Seville, the native city of Murillo and Velasquez, the birthplace of three Roman emperors, Adrian, Trajan, and Theodosius, as also of Magellan, the explorer. Seville is the "Alma Mater of bullfights," and this may be accepted as a criterion of the general moral status of its inhabitants. Most conspicuous and imposing in architecture are the "Alcazar Castle" and the Cathedral with its famous Giralda Bell Tower. Portugal is next visited, and fascinating descriptions of its peoples, palaces, parks, and gardens are given. From Lisbon to Madrid is four hundred miles. This city in the center of Spain, picturesquely located among high hills, is said to have the worst climate in Europe, an air "so keen and so subtle that it will kill a man, while it will not blow out a candle." This city contains one of the finest art galleries, as well as one of the most famous royal palaces, in the

world. Here also is the famous Escorial, built by Philip II. The city abounds in grand streets, beautiful parks, and is in many ways unusually adorned, but it is reminiscent of the dark cruelties of the Inquisition, and is historically inseparably connected with the sinister name of a monarch whose reign was one of the most barbarous and murderous in modern annals, a monarch of whom tradition says that when the final death pains were upon him, he declared, "My crimes are giving me much more anguish than my sickness."

Our party next paid an interested visit to historic Toledo, and of all objects here to be seen, the Cathedral is of surpassing interest. Dr. Buckley confesses to joining the growing minority who believe the Cathedral of Toledo more impressive than that in Seville.

The itinerary now led, with easy stops by the way, to Paris, London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Belfast, the Giant's Causeway, the Lakes of Killarney, Cork, Blarney Castle, Dublin. Of this extended section of the journey many points of interest are graphically and alluringly portrayed. From Dublin, the journey was pushed by rapid stages via London, Calais, and Cologne to Berlin. In Germany, Berlin, Potsdam, and other leading cities, with their

great universities, museums, art galleries, all setting forth many distinctive and impressive exhibitions of the culture, prosperity, and power of the Teutonic civilization, were closely observed. Some time was passed amid the inspiring scenery of the Harz Mountains, the Black Forest, and other scenic sections the challenge of whose beauty was worthily responded to by the facile pen of our tourist.

Regretfully taking leave of Germany, the party proceeded to Switzerland, visiting in order Geneva, Chamounix, spending ten days above the clouds at the Grand Hotel on Mount Pelerin, thence returning to Lausanne, the city in which Gibbon wrote that *magnum opus* of historic authorship, The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. In reviewing his impressions of Switzerland, Dr. Buckley says: "Switzerland, with its lakes, cataracts, mountains, glaciers, traditions, freedom, and proximity to great nations, will remain the most fascinating resort for lovers of the vast and the wild intertwined with civilization."

The next lap in the journey was to Tours, France, via Paris, where with the "Hôtel de l'Univers" as headquarters, the party lingered for ten days, visiting objects of special interest at their leisure. Accessible from this place are

many of the most historic and artistic chateaux of France. Of several of these our tourist has furnished descriptions of such discerning merit as amply to repay a careful study. The Tours excursions ended, Dr. Buckley and his daughter spent a week in Paris, visiting some of the famous places familiar to them through several former visits. From Paris they went by rail to Cherbourg, whence they sailed homeward on the good ship Cleveland, of the Hamburg American Line, arriving duly in New York, September 4, 1910. To the experienced traveler the itinerary, as herein outlined, is seen to lead through many countries of great historic interest; but no adequate appreciation of this particular journey can be realized save by first-hand familiarity with Dr. Buckley's own masterful and fascinating narratives. The details of this journey are quite fully given in a series of twenty-six letters under the title "Studies of Other Countries," which appeared in The Christian Advocate, and running from September 29, 1910, to April 6, 1911.

Dr. Buckley's sixth and last journey to Europe, this time also accompanied by his daughter, was begun on May 17, 1913, with embarkation from New York on the North German Lloyd steamer George Washington.

This trip, carrying them through Holland and many German cities as far East as Budapest, took them for the most part over ground made familiar to them by previous visits, until, on July 6, they embarked at Hamburg for a "Northern Cruise." This special cruise took them in order to Leith, Scotland, Orkney Islands, Faroe Islands, Iceland, Spitzbergen, North Cape, Hammerfest, Tromsoe, Digermulen, Meraak, Gudvangen, Bergen, and back to Hamburg. The northernmost point of this cruise was within five hundred and eighty-one miles of the north pole, and within seventy-five miles from the "packed ice."

Emerson has repeatedly expressed himself somewhat cynically upon the subject of travel. In one of his deliveries, he says: "The stuff of all countries is just the same. Do you suppose there is any country where they do not scald milk-pans, and swaddle the infants, and burn the brushwood, and broil the fish? What is true anywhere is true everywhere. And let him go where he will, he can only find so much beauty or worth as he carries."

If it must be conceded that a man brings from scenes of travel, or from books, little that he does not himself carry to them, it is to be emphasized that the subject of the biography,

himself a wide traveler, carried to every historic spot, to every classic scene, to every masterpiece of art, and into the presence of every celebrity, a resourceful knowledge, a penetrative insight, a high interpretative power, which enabled him to translate into current capital for the common use his impressions of the most marked historic events, the choicest products of art, and the most famous geniuses.

For periods long to come, many an earnest student, himself precluded from traveling beyond the seas, will thank our traveler for placing before him as in a mirror the scenes, events, and art of a great historic world.

CHAPTER VIII

AUTHOR

So far as the subject admits, I purpose to treat Dr. Buckley's work as an author quite in distinction from his functions as an editor. The more carefully each distinctive department of his activity is surveyed, the more enhanced will be our wonder and admiration at the range and variety of his intellectual fruitfulness. Dr. William V. Kelley, now the veteran editor of Methodism, is quoted as saying: "In voluminous utterance in print and by word of mouth no one except the founder of Methodism has surpassed Dr. Buckley." When the phenomenal intellectual product as given out by John Wesley is considered, this statement by Dr. Kelley would seem an exaggeration, but when one gives equal survey to the literary and platform outgivings of Dr. Buckley's mind, the statement cannot be judged as overdrawn.

In the field of authorship alone, both in voluminousness, variety, and quality of literary output, Dr. Buckley has achieved for himself an enviable fame. Aside from numerous larger

volumes standing to his credit, many worthy pamphlets, and on a great variety of subjects, have come from his prolific pen. Of these lesser publications some were of ephemeral interest, and it is not easy now to secure a complete list of titles. The following may indicate something of the variety and character of subjects upon which he wrote within the pamphlet class. The Triumph of Man Over Nature, and the Sublime Truth which It Establishes, As Suggested by the Successful Laying of the Atlantic Cable; Supposed Miracles, An Argument for the Honor of Christianity as against Superstition, and for its Truth as against Unbelief; Two Weeks in the Yosemite; An Appeal to Persons of Sense and Reflection to Begin a Christian Life; The Changes of Twenty-five Years, April, 1883; Aaron Burr; The Itinerant Ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church; Logical Consequences of Rejecting Christianity; A Symposium on Evolution; The Morality of Ministers; Capital Punishment; Traits of Human Nature; Palmistry; The Phantom Fortress of Christian Science; Dowie, Analyzed and Classified; Hymns and Music; Dangers of the Emmanuel Movement; Genuine Elements of Worship; A Pastor's Counsel to a Serious Inquirer; Ingersoll

Under the Microscope; Studies in Physical Culture; A Hereditary Consumptive's Successful Battle for Life; The Possible Influence of Rational Conversation on the Insane—such are a few of the many topics discussed in the briefer publications.

Of the foregoing list it should be said that several of the subjects were originally given in the forms of addresses, while others appeared as articles in various periodicals, such as: the Methodist Review, The Homiletic Monthly, The Forum, The Chautauquan, The North American Review, The Century Magazine. These lesser publications, however intrinsically meritorious in themselves, receive large significance from the fact that they represent the spontaneous, and seemingly irrepressible, overflow of a wide-seeing and fruitfully creative mind.

In the field of book publications, at least a dozen rich and informing volumes, some of large dimensions, all representing wide and accurate research, stand as products of his authorship. The titles of his principal books, and in the order of their publication, are as follows: Christians and the Theater; Oats or Wild Oats; The Midnight Sun; Faith Healing, Christian Science, and Kindred Phe-

nomena; Travels in Three Continents; History of Methodism (in two volumes); Extemporaneous Oratory; The Fundamentals and their Contrasts; The Wrong and Peril of Woman Suffrage; Theory and Practice of Foreign Missions; Constitutional and Parliamentary History of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

His first book, Christians and the Theater, was written when the author was under forty years of age, and in the period of his active pastoral life. In this he purposed to write a book every sentence of which should be pertinent, and from which nothing should be omitted which was vital to his subject. He wished to be truthful, clear, and just in every utterance. He laid down as his foundation premises his own experiences in younger life with the theater, careful analysis of many leading contemporary plays, as also the historic deliverances of standard evangelical churches. Proceeding from these bases, his clear and relentless logic leads him to the following conclusion: "No habit which does not imply a positive renunciation of morality is more pernicious than that of theater-going; and . . . whatever may have occurred in isolated cases, he who intends to lead a thoroughly religious life must renounce the theater."

To most young men nearing the threshold of active life, a grave question is, "What calling shall I adopt?" It is a query which for many is coupled with a Sphinxlike perplexity. It is not to be wondered at that, in this congested, competing age, many a young man is in a condition of dubious, if not discouraging, uncertainty concerning his choice of a life calling. Our author admits for himself to having made "several unwise choices and false starts in life." When he became editor of a widely circulated literary and religious periodical, he had not only himself been a wide and sympathetic observer of the perplexities besetting young men, but he was constantly in receipt, from far and near, of letters seeking his advice on many problems which confront the life of the young. Thus was suggested to him the opportunity, of which he was so well qualified to take advantage, of writing a series of helpful counsels to young men. These letters afterward appeared in a volume entitled Oats or Wild Oats. This book was published now more than thirty years ago. But for variety and range of practical questions relating to the life of young men, and for sane and wise discussion of the same, it would be difficult even now to find for its purpose a more fitting or pertinent book.

For consideration of the books on travel, such as The Midnight Sun, Travels in Three Continents, and other kindred writings, the reader is referred to the chapter on travels.

The mind of young Buckley from earliest childhood was exceedingly alert and observant. In his boyhood neighborhood there were some mentally defective children. In these he became intensely interested. Later, one day a man of prepossessing appearance and manners called upon his mother, and suddenly turning to James, said: "I have a vast estate; a large number of horses; some of them Shetland ponies; two hundred and fifty singing birds, some of which will light upon my shoulders and head, and sing like angels. If you will come to see me, I will give you a pony and also two singing birds, and a whole wagon full of flowers." After his departure Mrs. Buckley had to tell James that this man was "crazy." He did not quite apprehend the meaning of the term. But some time afterward he was privileged to accompany the warden through the insane asylum at Trenton, when he was nearly struck dumb by discovering, clad in a strait jacket, the man who three or four years before had promised him the birds and the horses.

These early incidents may serve to indicate

the initial awakening of Dr. Buckley's interest in the phenomena of abnormal mentality. He has furnished an interesting list of the subjects in this general department which have commanded his expert attention. He says: "The abnormalities that interest me are not those of wickedness, but such conditions in general as are 'out of fix.' Those which I have studied more than any other division of knowledge are such as these: idiocy, imbecility from birth, mental derangements, delusions, hallucinations of the sane, trances, mental or physical epidemics, panics of any kind and the effect of drugs, drinks, and certain vegetables on the mind and emotions. To these I add certain diseases and habits which produce abnormalities; also Spiritualism so called, Christian Science so called, Faith Healers so called; in brief, all alleged methods of curing diseases which throw away surgery and medicine entirely, declaring that the 'spirits' or the answer to prayer will cure."

To these subjects he, for a period of years, devoted his leisure time and spare money, and it is his expressed judgment that these investigations have been of more use to him than any other studies he has ever pursued. In these studies it was his aim to be thoroughly funda-

mental. It was to him an early surprise to discover that no satisfactory criteria had as yet been developed for deciding and placing the real values of the apparent and diverse phenomena in this general field. After giving these large and occult phenomena exhaustive study, he adopted as working laws for himself, the following: First, before endeavoring to explain apparent phenomena, it is necessary to determine what facts really exist; second, so long as it is possible to find a rational explanation of what unquestionably is, there is no reason to suspect, and it is superstition to assume, the operation of supernatural causes.

The ripe fruits of his studies in the various departments indicated are given in his volume, Faith Healing, Christian Science, and Kindred Phenomena. This book was published by the Century Company in 1892. Though a period of nearly twenty-five years has passed since its appearance, and though during this period the whole field of psychic phenomena has been searchingly and increasingly explored, it may be safely assumed that for a conscientious survey and searching analysis of facts, and for a thoroughly rational and convincing accounting for the same, it would not be easy to find in all the crowded range of psychic literature

a more sane or scientific statement of the case than is presented in this volume. Our author is thoroughly rationalistic in his discussion of the entire subject. He probably has not said the last word. The psychic universe is as yet but little explored. From its vast and shadowy spaces there come innumerable, even if mute appeals to all that is mystical in the soul or mind of man. As against the convictions of such men as Sir Oliver Lodge, Alfred Tennyson, James Russell Lowell, William James, and unnumbered other seerlike minds, we may modestly hesitate before resting in the verdict that their conclusions as to outlying psychic phenomena are at best but worthless vagaries of speculative thought. But whatever may be the future shaping of philosophic thought or conviction concerning many now occult psychic questions, Dr. Buckley can never lose rank as one of the most thorough, competent, and sane investigators in the wide, various, and pathetic regions of the world's abnormal mentality.

In the closing decades of the last century a publishing firm chartered as The Christian Literature Company enterprised a series of histories of the religious denominations in the United States. To the overtures of this com-

pany Dr. Buckley responded in the production of two stout volumes, entitled History of Methodism. No man in the denomination was better furnished, or could be more fittingly appealed to, for this task. The completed work, which was conscientiously and painstakingly achieved, has been the subject of wide and for the most part favorable criticism.

An elaborate review in The Independent, in addition to much else, says the following:

"A good portion of the work, about one seventh, is devoted to the English genesis. No history of a religious organization would be complete without treating the origins, however remote the geography; and while this work is strictly a history of the Methodists in the United States, the history would have been dwarfed at the outset unless the conditions in England in the seventeenth and eighteenth cnturies had been recognized. . . .

"The author warms to his theme the moment he touches the western shore of the Atlantic. To wander along the dry paths of the English reigns before the Georges, and then through the former half of the eighteenth century, has but little that is inspiring in it; yet the setting was necessary for the subject in hand. However, as soon as the author sees the readiness of

the English Methodists to cross the ocean to build up far-off societies and to begin their larger history, he becomes more intense. Here we find one of the strongest departments of the whole work—the view of how the first Methodists did their wise building, their sacrifice and energy, the intrenched institutions and agencies which contested every step of the new advance, the secret of their success. . . . The careful grouping of the various beneficent and educational societies and institutions of the Church occupies one of the closing chapters. It furnishes one of the finest views anywhere to be found of the philanthropic and practical character of the evangelism of Wesley and his followers in evolving so beautiful, so varied, and so systematic a ministry of good alike to the bodies, the minds, and the souls of men."

It is perhaps enough to say of this History of Methodism that it will hold a worthy place among the standard surveys of what, on the whole, must be regarded as one of the most phenomenal and vital spiritual movements which have arisen within the Christian centuries.

In the year 1898 there was issued from Dr. Buckley's pen a most exceptional and useful book—Extemporaneous Oratory. Oratory, one of the greatest, is also one of the oldest of

the arts. It is an art which will never be superseded. The press has come to be a kind of omniscient purveyor of information to all the world. In this respect it has largely substituted the public function of the speaker. But we can conceive of no civilization so intellectually furnished as no longer to find place or need for the effective persuasiveness of oratory. The human voice, vibrant with emotion, intoned with conviction, uttering great and impassioned truth direct to the hearts and minds of men, will always remain a universal instrument for moving the human will to decision and to action. In all the parliaments of the world, in the halls of legislation, in the courts of justice, in the great forums where are discussed the highest issues of civilization, the human voice will remain the one paramount instrument of utterance and of persuasion. It is likely always as such to hold an unrivaled place in the highest contacts of mind with mind. Eloquence of a kind is indispensable to the largest success of the teacher. God himself has ordained preaching as a supreme agency for carrying the tidings of Christ's kingdom to all mankind.

No book, certainly none published in America, upon this subject, and confined to

equal space, has ever appealed by a more wise or helpful philosophy of the art to those who would acquire success in public speaking. The author himself has been one of the most successful extemporaneous speakers both in the pulpit and on the platform known to the American public. Apt speaking and correct thinking seem with him a process as natural as breathing. His entire intellectual history illustrates a habit of thorough mastery of any subject for the mental handling of which he has assumed rĕsponsibility. As a mere youth, intending at some time to enter the profession of law, he became interested in forensic pleadings in the courts, and in societies organized for debate. When finally he became a preacher, from the first, the art of most effectively delivering his messages became to him a subject of absorbing interest and study. After having thoroughly tested all prescribed methods, he definitely decided for himself on the extemporaneous method. In the use of this method he has long been recognized as well-nigh a peerless master. The age has furnished no more successful or experienced expert in the art.

His own conception and definition of extemporaneous oratory is given as follows: "The delivery, in an arrangement of words, sen-

tences, and paragraphs, entirely the birth of the occasion, of ideas previously conceived and adopted with more or less fullness and precision, together with such thoughts and feelings as may arise and obtain utterance." In presenting his ideal, he further says: "To the consciousness of the speaker his own mental state is similar to that of one participating in an animated conversation—there being no effort to recollect, no anticipation of what is to come, but entire absorption in the process of evolving, in correct forms of speech, the thought intended to be expressed."

This book has received wide attention from reviewers on both sides of the Atlantic. The Methodist Review, speaking of the author, says: "Dr. Buckley's book will be of greatest advantage to young ministers and others who wish to cultivate the most effective style of oratory. He treats the subject from every point of view with great vigor and vivacity, with abundant illustration, and often with humorous anecdotes. He sets forth the physical, mental, and moral preparation. He points out the causes of failure, the difficulties of many attempts at extemporaneous speech, and the supreme advantage it affords when achieved."

The Hon. Andrew D. White, when Ambassador to the Court of Berlin, in an autograph letter says: "No end of thanks for your book on Extemporaneous Oratory. It has delighted me. I began by dipping into it at various places which seemed likely to interest me and soon found myself reading in both directions through the book. Your work is sure to be of great value, first as a stimulus of the right kind to students, and finally as exercising the sort of moral influence which people given to oratory especially need." The New York Sun says: "The book contains everything that anybody can think of about oratory. It is very interesting."

The Methodist Times of London says: "We should regard with intense interest anything which he had to say or write upon public speaking, *oratory,* of which art he is a master. But the work he has just published is one which surpasses even the high expectations we formed of its merits. It is at once the most detailed and most practical and useful book on public speaking and on the art of preaching which we have read. It is a most enlightening book for preachers. It will widen their whole horizon even more than it will teach them the arts of oratory. What many speakers seem to regard

as insignificant details, such as the strengthening and modulations of the voice, the pitch and tones, and the constant enriching of the vocabulary, are here given their due importance. The physiological basis of speech, the proper use and assimilation of words, the general preparation of thought and physical training, the use of anecdotes, similes, and illustrations, the preparation of feeling, and the way to protect oneself against failure, are all subjects of wise and thoughtful chapters. At the close of a chapter on 'General Preparation of Feeling' we have this sterling advice to the preacher: 'More effectual than all other helps, because it includes and purifies all, is an earnest, reverent Christian life, equally removed from cant and superstition. Its roots being faith, hope, and love, the fruit is a perennial flow of pure and helpful emotion.'" The English Methodist Recorder says: "We believe that if our Methodist students in England would carefully read this volume—and they would find it quite the reverse of difficult or distasteful—they would learn from it much common sense, and be saved from many twangs and vicious tricks which ruin so many of our English and American public speakers and preachers. We should strongly advise the committee responsible for

selecting the books which probationers are required to read, to consider very seriously Dr. Buckley's volume."

Such are a few of the significant appraisals of this book as selected from many sources. The volume throughout its lifetime thus far has been one of the "best sellers." It is worthy to be in the hands of every student who aspires in any measure to proficiency in public speech. Time may add to its present wealth of material, but its philosophy of the subject is so fundamental, its scope and detail so complete, its illustrative quality so rich and vivid, its entire treatment so sane, as to render it highly improbable that it can be wisely superseded for an indefinite time to come.

In the year 1905 Dr. Buckley delivered the third course of lectures on the Quillian Foundation at Emory College, Oxford, Georgia. The course consisted of six lectures with the following titles: "Religions and Religion"; "No God"; "Many Gods or One"; "Inspiration and Revelation"; "False and Distorted Forms of Christianity"; "The Indestructibility of Christianity." These lectures, both in their composition and delivery, bore the stamp of their author's characteristic ability. They evince wide and accurate research. Under the

title The Fundamentals and their Contrasts, as required by the conditions of the foundation on which they were delivered, they were published in book form as the property of Emory College.

In the year 1909 The Wrong and Peril of Woman Suffrage was produced. It is needless to say that this book installed itself at once as a voice to be heard, whether heeded or not, at one of the very storm-centers of public thought and conviction. Renewed discussion, however ably or resourcefully conducted, of a subject as widely and sensitively lodged in the public mind as is that of woman suffrage, is not likely much to change the attitude of those already committed to one side or the other of the question at issue. Men and women generally, where their convictions and preferences are enlisted, are not likely to be practically convinced by opposing arguments. New and fundamental discussion of old questions, however illuminating to the subjects themselves, for their effectiveness upon public opinion must rely, if at all, upon appeal either to a noncommitted, or to a young and open-minded, constituency. No better illustration of this general truth could be sought than is furnished in connection with this particular

book. The sensitiveness of the public mind to the question discussed is evidenced by the instant flare of criticism, pro and con, which the appearance of the book awakened.

Extremely diverse opinions were uttered as to its merits. One reviewer says, "We can only advise everyone to read the book, believing that all who bring to it an open mind will agree with the conclusion of the author, that neither the state, the family, nor woman herself, would be benefited, but, on the contrary, would be injured, if she were invested with the suffrage." Another reviewer as previously noted, says: "The book neither takes notice of the modern arguments for woman suffrage nor successfully controverts the old ones. . . . The book may contribute to the amusement of a collector of intellectual curiosities." As between these extremes of view, a wide and various criticism found utterance.

In general, it is conceded that the book is a marvel of condensation, and that its entire argument is most lucidly and forcefully developed. Senator George F. Hoar, with whom, through the Century Magazine, Dr. Buckley debated the question, declared that in his judgment the Doctor had presented the "strongest argument ever made on that side."

Yet Senator Hoar, a doughty suffragist, was not converted to the view of him whose argument he so eulogizes. It was sometimes stated, especially in view of the temper of the public mind on the question, that only a man of brave soul, a man willing to face unpopularity in many quarters, could venture on such a publication. It was generally acknowledged that the book deals fairly with opposing views. One writer says, "The arguments for woman suffrage are fairly and admirably stated, and one cannot read the book without being impressed with its candor and reasonableness." Another says: "Dr. Buckley states frankly the arguments dear to suffragettes, and popularly supposed to be the irresistible reason of their contention. To be sure, he states them to refute them, but so far as the lay reader is able to judge the statements suffer nothing on that account."

The impression of the author's views on this and similar questions will linger long in the mind of the Church. It is but just that, coupled with this impression, there should remain no false or distorted views concerning his personal attitude toward woman. He was infinitely far from opposing woman suffrage because of any personal conviction of either

woman's inferiority or unworthiness. Indeed, his opposition, in its most intense forms, arose from convictions exactly the opposite of these. He believed fully that to woman there are divinely assigned the loftiest and holiest functions required under the most ideal developments of home and civilization. He was never able to divest himself of the view, which really has in it a world of wholesomeness, that however refined, vital, and distinctive may be the legitimate sphere of woman, yet, while complementary to, it is eternally distinctive from, the sphere divinely designed for man. His general view may be best stated in his own terms: "Should the duty of governing in the state be imposed upon woman, all the members of society would suffer—children by diminished care from mothers; husbands from the increase of the contentions and the decline of the attractions of home; young men and maidens from the destruction of the idealism which invests the family with such charms as to make the hope of a home of one's own 'where in the contrast of the sexes life may be ever a delight,' an impulse to economy and virtue—but the greatest sufferer would be woman."

He further says: "The true woman needs no governing authority conferred upon her by

law. In the present situation the highest evidence of respect that man can exhibit toward woman, and the noblest service he can perform for her, is to vote No to the proposition that would take from her the diadem of pearls, the talisman of faith, hope, and love, and substitute for them the iron crown of authority."

The foregoing quotations should be accepted as expressing the sincere and profound convictions of one who was a wide observer of society, a most acute and discriminating student of human nature. He firmly believed that he was dealing with questions which lie at the very foundations of the social and political weal. While many may not be able to accept either the philosophy or the logic of his position in relation to woman suffrage, yet he is entitled only to honor for the courage, the fidelity, the patriotism, and the ability with which, as he believes in the sole interests of the public good, he comes to the defense of his convictions. From a plane of exalted idealism, Dr. Buckley gave foremost honor to womanhood. As pastor of large churches he encouraged the cooperation of women in all spiritual work. As husband and father in the home he was a model of affability, courtesy, and affection.

The last notable volume from Dr. Buckley's pen is entitled Constitutional and Parliamentary History of the Methodist Episcopal Church. This work, long promised, was brought to completion in 1912. The book is not, nor was it intended to be, a general history of Methodism, nor of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Its chief purpose is to trace the evolution and development of the constitution of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Within this scope it treats with clear and logical coordination all the factors, consisting of documents, debates, persons, offices and orders, Conferences, General, Annual, and Quarterly, and with the movements of the Methodist Episcopal Church in all countries so far as these factors have contributed to, or have themselves been modified by, the constitution.

A second and minor section of the work treats of the parliamentary history of the denomination, and has for its purpose the clear setting forth of the importance, the functions, and the generic rules of debate as often a decisive factor in shaping the parliamentary life of the Church.

A few sentences from many encomiums which this book has received from reviewers are herewith given. "The author never writes for

sheer pastime. He thinks, plans, argues, debates, and writes for the one purpose of making his readers agree with him. The emphasis he places on debate is not to be wondered at. He shows that debate is the power of vital personality in contrast with the dead documentary or cold storage power of documentary evidence." "It is a history rather than a discussion, albeit it is at times so graphic as to remind one of Froude. Being a history, it is scarcely an argument; the self-repression of its distinguished author, who can argue fourteen reasons in almost as many seconds for his positions, is almost to be marveled at. . . . The book goes thoroughly into the presiding eldership (shall it be elective, etc.); the bisection of the Church in 1844; the episcopacy, bishops for races and languages, the superannuation of bishops, the veto power of bishops, etc. .
We voice the feelings of multiplied thousands in congratulating the Church on this book, and the distinguished writer on both his vivacity and patience in adding this permanent contribution to our resources." "It brings together in luminous and pertinent quotations the principal documents of our constitutional history, making them accessible to the general reader in this convenient volume. The highest praise

perhaps that could be given such a work would be to say that the text of the history by which the documents and wisely selected quotations from the sources are woven into a continuous account is so accordant with the sources as to form a connected whole."

In an autograph letter, Vice-President Fairbanks says: "I heartily congratulate you upon your great work. The whole Church is your grateful debtor." The Hon. George G. Reynolds, justice of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, and for two terms the parishioner of Dr. Buckley, writes: "The whole book is one of the most informing I have read. . . . The chapters on the Restrictive Rules are worth careful study by all who care to understand the history and position of our Church. Likewise those on the causes and manner of the 'bisection' of the Church, and the introduction of lay delegation. These are some of the salient points which impress me on the first reading." Professor Milton S. Terry writes: "I found it so entertaining, and even fascinating, that I read it through within forty-eight hours after I received it. . . . You have accomplished a most useful task, and seem to me to have done it with praiseworthy excellence. Your chapters on the 'Third Restric-

tive Rule' are of great value. Those on the 'Lay Delegation Movement' revive most interesting memories. The last chapter of the book is a gem in its way. Your clear, accurate, discriminating portraiture of our great but many-sided episcopal parliamentarians is a most remarkable piece of character-painting—truthful as it is picturesque. This volume is worthy of all praise, and ought to have a wide circulation."

Such are a few judgments, as taken from many eminent sources, pronounced upon this book. The book as a whole may be rated as the most important single contribution to the constitutional and parliamentary history of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The volume forms a fitting close to the cycle of Dr. Buckley's larger authorship. It is in every way worthy of the resourceful and judicial mind whence it sprang.

Standing, as in some measure I am permitted to do, under the impression which an all-around review of the life of our subject is adapted to create, I can bring no chapter of this work to a close without a haunting sense of the fractional, the incomplete, estimate of the entire man which the most careful study of any one department of his activities alone can fur-

nish. I am impressed that the close of this chapter on a fruitful authorship may be only one of many fitting points at which to remind the reader that the moral and intellectual measurement of Doctor Buckley cannot be secured by a consideration, however careful, of any single department of his work.

In reviewing his authorship alone, however impressively may appear the wealth and variety of his knowledge and thought, as revealed in his books, it would still be comparatively easy for the reader to estimate his resourcefulness from the standpoint of a detached and partial basis. We shall never measure the real intellectual greatness of the man save as we pursue him into all the fields of his activity, noting his equal at-homeness in many departments of knowledge, taking careful account of that mental alertness, comprehensive insight, and balanced judgment, which enable him to think sanely, and seemingly exhaustively, upon every question of practical interest. Not until we have gathered up all his productive processes, and have coordinated them into the huge sum of his creative work, not until this inclusive exploration, does, or can, the man appear to us as he really is—truly prodigious.

CHAPTER IX

ACADEMIC HONORS AND OFFICIAL POSITIONS

A MAN signalized as an aggressive and constructive promoter of humane interests, of brilliant versatility, and widely recognized as an intellectual leader, is one whom educational institutions honor themselves by honoring. Dr. Buckley could not escape the academical appendage. Not himself a college graduate *in cursu,* yet, in diverse and far fields of learning, he made himself so much more than the average graduate; in so many departments of scholarship and thought he established for himself such authoritative standing as naturally and inevitably to attract to himself attention from the learned faculties.

From Wesleyan University he received honorary degrees as follows: Master of Arts in 1869; Doctor of Divinity in 1872. Emory and Henry College, of Virginia, conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws, in 1882. A few years later Syracuse University gave him the degree of Doctor of Human Letters. If it were not generally known that he was richly

supplied with these goods, doubtless other institutions would have come forward to pay him the tribute of like or kindred degrees. It is certain, from the number of invitations which came to him to deliver university and college commencement addresses, that he had earned for himself a commanding rank as measured by the standards of the college world.

His knowledge was so large and practical, his insight into conditions so quick and clear, his judgment of men and methods so sane, as to make him largely sought by representative institutions as a working member on their administrative boards. All this aside from the historic places held by him in leading pastorates, General Conference memberships, and editorial work in his own denomination. Thus, in educational work, he is a trustee of Wesleyan University, of Goucher College, and of the Drew Theological Seminary. He was three times elected a delegate to world Ecumenical Conferences of Methodism, those held respectively in London in 1881, in Washington in 1891, and in Toronto in 1911. He was a delegate to the great World Missionary Conference held in Edinburgh in 1910.

The Board of Foreign Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church is one of the great mis-

sionary organizations of the Protestant world. His continuous membership in this body dates from among the earliest of members now living. For many years he was vice-president, and for three succeeding years he was president of this Board.

Of various honorary organizations, he was a member of the New England Society of New York; of the Washington Society of New Jersey; a member of the Sons of the American Revolution; of the Society of Colonial Wars; and of the Methodist Historical Society of New York. He was a vice-president of the New York Society for the Prevention of Vice; and also one of the judges to decide upon the acceptance of candidates for place in the "Hall of Fame." He has for many years been chairman of the Board of Trustees of the New York East Conference, a Board holding in administrative custody a fund of approximately $300,000.

His exhaustive study and expert knowledge of the phenomena of abnormal mentality quite naturally led up to his active interest in, and to his official relations with, institutions conducted in the interests of the mentally unfortunate. One of the largest and best conducted asylums for the insane in the entire country

is located at Morris Plains, New Jersey. He was actively related to this institution for twenty years; was for six years vice-president, and for three succeeding years president of its Board of Managers. He was for a period of five years a member of the Board of Managers of the State Hospital for the Insane at Trenton, New Jersey. He was president of the Board of Managers of the New Jersey State Village for Epileptics from the time of its establishment until his resignation in 1903. An honor which he himself regarded as among the highest which he had ever received, and in which he took much satisfaction, was his election as an honorary member of the Medico-Psychological Society of America.

In reviewing these official relations we shall hardly give them a proper coordination save as we give balanced consideration to the many and exacting duties which he was simultaneously performing on other and distinct lines of work. The real wonder is, not that he was able to do this or that particular thing with the skill of an expert, but that he displayed the ability to perform so many and various duties, and so to discharge them all as in every circle to command for himself the rank and esteem of a leader.

It remains to give some narration of the one institution with which from its beginnings, as originator and manager, he has had the most intimate and influential relations—The Methodist Episcopal Hospital, in the Borough of Brooklyn, New York city. In introducing this subject I am glad to avail myself of sections of an address delivered before the New York East Conference, in April, 1912, on the twenty-fifth anniversary of its opening, by the Rev. Dr. Abram S. Kavanagh, then superintendent of the hospital. He said:

"When the New York East Conference convened twenty-five years ago, something new in Methodism was taking place. For a century and more we had achieved success as evangelists and church builders, and we had also become an educational force in the life of the nation. But now a new conviction was slowly but steadily making itself felt that the ministry of Jesus was at once a preaching, teaching, and healing ministry. At that Conference it was announced that within a few months the western pavilion of the first Methodist Episcopal Hospital in the world would be opened for the reception of patients. That promise was fulfilled December 15, 1887.

"Before the hospital was constructed, or

even had taken shape in the mind of an architect, it was a reality in the thoughts and plans and prayers of one man. It was born in an hour of distress and pastoral anxiety. When Dr. James M. Buckley was pastor in Stamford, Connecticut (1875-77), his organist met with an accident in New York city which necessitated the amputation of an arm. He lay for an hour upon the sidewalk before an ambulance came, and later died in surroundings which were far from being Christian.

"Dr. Buckley at once registered a vow that some day, if possible, he would secure the erection of a Methodist Episcopal Hospital. That was the actual moment when the hospital was founded. Therefore, strict accuracy must push back the *de facto* date from 1881 to 1877. When, in 1880, Dr. Buckley became editor of The Christian Advocate, he lost no time in seeking the fulfillment of his vow. His purpose was strengthened by certain investigations which he, or his representatives, had made among the hospitals in New York city, which disclosed the fact that Saint Luke's Hospital alone had cared for eight hundred and thirty-three Methodists, most of whom were charity patients. The editor's face burned with shame, not that Saint Luke's had treated us so well,

but that Methodism was unable to reciprocate her kindly deeds. The records of other hospitals also showed the same generous treatment and at the same time emphasized our own denominational needs. These facts gave power and pungency to perhaps the most effective editorial that ever appeared in The Christian Advocate. That article declared: 'The Methodist Episcopal Church is to-day, so far as we can learn, without a hospital, a dispensary, an industrial school, or, except in mission fields, an orphan asylum under her control. We do not believe for one moment that this is the outcome of unfriendly conviction. It is the outcome of preoccupation; but now, is it not time that somewhere we build a hospital?' "

The editorial referred to fell under the watchful eye of George I. Seney, who early sought an interview with the Editor, in the course of which he submitted this proposition: "I offer you sixteen eligible lots, valued at $40,000, as a site, and $100,000 in cash toward the erection of a Methodist Episcopal General Hospital, which shall be open to Jew and Gentile, Protestant and Catholic, heathen and infidel, on the same terms." A little later Mr. Seney wrote to Dr. Buckley, saying: "My dear Sir: I have read with great interest the two

pamphlets you left with me. You may make my subscription $200,000 instead of $100,000." Subsequently Mr. Seney purchased, in a beautiful location, on the slope west of Prospect Park in the city of Brooklyn, an entire city block, containing about three and one fifth acres, and costing $70,000, substituting this for the original sixteen lots as first proposed. Upon this site the hospital now stands. Mr. Seney continued his gifts until they reached a total of more than $410,000.

Soon after the securement of Mr. Seney's original gifts a Board of Managers, made up of representative men, was duly selected and authorized. This Board was organized August 2, 1881, with James M. Buckley as president, and James N., afterwards Bishop, Fitz-Gerald, as secretary. From this date up to the present writing, a period of nearly thirty-six years, Dr. Buckley has been continuously the president of this Board. This record here need not be enlarged upon, but it is certainly in itself a significant history.

In his address on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the hospital, Dr. Kavanagh further says:

"It is natural that the man of commercial instincts should measure our success by the

buildings erected, the facilities furnished, and the endowments created. The man of science will gauge our work by scientific research and discoveries, but the philanthropist will ask how many suffering men and women have we restored to their families?

"Here are a few suggestive figures: The hospital during its first year treated 315 patients; the fifth year, 1,097; the tenth year, 1,339; the fifteenth year, 1,984; the twentieth year, 3,267; and the last year, 4,554. . . . Since the hospital was opened we have cared for 42,879 in our wards and rooms, and 100,000 in our dispensary. One item of special interest to ministers and missionaries is this: since the hospital was opened we have cared for 736 ministers or dependent members of their families. This work has been done at a cost of $128,500 to the hospital, physicians, and surgeons.

"Further, a careful estimate, based upon the free work of last year, shows that since the hospital was opened she has expended in free work $945,000, and the gratuitous services of the physicians and surgeons represent at least $846,000. That is, $1,791,000 is a decidedly conservative statement of the free work of the hospital, attending physicians and surgeons."

It is to be borne in mind that these figures

as stated represent only the work of the first twenty-five years of the hospital's history. Since their rendering, a fifth year of ever-growing enlargement and usefulness for the institution has been entered upon. The hospital to-day has properties in lands, buildings, and endowments that are conservatively worth $3,000,000. It has modern appliances for its work. Its medical and surgical services are unsurpassed. Its beneficent mission is beyond all description or measurement, and yet it is only in the beginnings of its history. It is ordained for a future whose ministries of blessing will continue richly to multiply through indefinite years. In this history its originators and early supporters will perpetually live in the ceaseless service of humane and merciful deeds which the institution founded by them shall make continuously possible for the meeting of human needs.

A good seed planted by a single hand in a receptive soil may yield a multiplied fruitage of beneficence. Mr. Seney had made a great beginning to this hospital when his ability for further giving was exhausted. His larger gifts were supplemented by donations from a multitude of other givers, many of whose gifts were notable for size and generosity. The

memorials of these all shall never perish. But still the institution was critically in need of large benefactions. When Mr. Seney's work was done, the finely conceived Administration Building was only partially finished, still requiring to make it usable the outlay of a fortune for its completion. The same was true also of one of the fine pavilions whose walls and roof were only outwardly complete, its windows being boarded over, and its entire interior remaining unfinished. For the meeting of these larger needs there was in preparation a young business man whose ear and heart were alike open to the Providential call—Mr. William Halls, Jr. In the emergent hour Mr. Halls, with the most sympathetic cooperation of his wife, came forward with successive gifts aggregating more than $175,000, through which both the Administrative Building and the Pavilion perfectly completed were passed over to the Board of Managers as working factors for hospital use, thereby adding more than one hundred per cent to the practical capacity of the institution.

It is not the purpose of this writing to present a history of the hospital further than as it may serve to illustrate and emphasize the influence of the man who is the subject of this

general narrative. The forces which have their birth in a single character may sometimes be traced to large fruitage. Such is certainly true in this instance. The Methodist Episcopal Church to-day might be in possession of numerous well-equipped hospitals had Dr. Buckley never lived. But, so far as we can see, there is no visible evidence that such would be the case. In any event, we can clearly trace the history of this first great hospital in Methodism to Dr. Buckley as its inspiring source. We know that as editor of the leading journal of his denomination, he was a constant and powerful educator and stimulator of conviction in the direction of creating the denominational hospital.

It has been observed as a matter of history that great and needed movements often spring simultaneously in creative minds. It is as though some seminal influence were working in the general atmosphere of the time. So, as Dr. Kavanagh said in his anniversary address: "When Dr. Buckley first conceived the idea of a Methodist Hospital, others in other places were thinking out great hospital plans. That this was the case is evident from the fact that while our hospital was opened December 15, 1887, the Wesley Hospital in Chicago was

opened Thanksgiving Day, 1888. Dr. Scott Stewart, of Philadelphia, was also planning for a hospital at the same time; and, accordingly, made provision in his will, bearing date of November 1, 1877, for the founding of a Methodist Hospital in Philadelphia. He died June 29, 1881. His bequest was accepted by the Philadelphia Conference March, 1882, and the hospital was opened for the reception of patients April 21, 1892. Others followed in this succession, as near as we can secure the dates of their founding: in Cincinnati, 1890; Minneapolis, 1892; Omaha, 1892; Sibley Memorial, Washington, D. C., 1894; Seattle, 1898; Des Moines, 1901; Bethany German, Brooklyn, 1902; Indianapolis, 1905; Boston, 1907; Spokane, 1907; Cleveland, 1908; Los Angeles, 1909."

Since the foregoing enumeration was made, other like institutions have been founded. It would be simply impossible, either in statistics or thought, to measure the beneficent ministries conducted within the walls of these institutions. Their skilled and merciful touch is like the Divine Hand laid upon the diseases and wounds of a whole army of suffering men, women, and children. The institutions alone, as above named, form a great and illustrious

succession, a succession facing a future of continuous enlargement in all that pertains to a merciful ministry to man's physical needs. But when we review this splendid procession, we hail as the leader and the greatest of them all, the one institution which was born in the vow of the Stamford pastor, in the year 1877.

As a typical example of the Christian motive and spirit which pervade the work of this hospital, it seems not unfitting that a hymn composed for the twenty-fifth anniversary occasion by the Rev. Dr. F. Watson Hannan should be here included.

Beside Bethesda's fountain cool,
Once stood the gracious Lord;
More power than in the troubled pool
Was in his healing word.

Through all the ages to this hour
His tender help was near.
He ministers through human power
In our Bethesda here.

God bless the hands that reared these walls,
The consecrated wealth
That opened corridors and halls
To those who seek for health.

Physician's skill and nurses' care
Make patients whole again;
And through the power of fervent prayer
Comes faith that conquers pain.

No race or creed a bar shall be,
No test to cause a fear;
Wide as the Master's sympathy
Prevails the spirit here.

To suffering flesh the welcome hands
Extend to all who come.
This house of healing ever stands
A Hospital and Home.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the opening of the hospital was signalized by a crowning event. In view of Dr. Buckley's long, devoted, and influential services to the institution, it arose in the hearts of his friends to commemorate the year by placing a bronze bust of the president of the Board in the central hall of the hospital where it might perpetually stand as a memorial of his work. The celebrated sculptor Gutzon Borglum was engaged to execute the work. The event of presenting the bust was duly signalized on Monday, February 26, 1912, by a "Testimonial Luncheon" given at the Hotel Saint Denis in New York city. On this occasion many invited guests were present. Mr. John M. Bulwinkle, of Brooklyn, was toastmaster. Happy and appropriate greetings were uttered by several speakers, to which Dr. Buckley feelingly and fittingly responded.

The event was widely noted in the press.

Hon. St. Clair McKelway, editor of the Brooklyn Eagle, himself one of the speakers of the occasion, and a long time warm personal friend of Dr. Buckley, wrote as follows:

"Monday was an occasion in the life of Dr. Buckley. Some of the clerical and lay members of converging Methodist Conferences and pastorates vitalized by him, signalized the completion and unveiling of a bronze bust of this clergyman, orator, editor, and author, and made him listen to what they thought of him. The bust is the creation of Gutzon Borglum, the celebrated sculptor, and as a work of art and vision those who know art and have the prophetic sense declare it to be a masterpiece. Its home is to be the hospital of whose board of trustees the doctor is the head. Besides Mr. Borglum some other speakers were Bishop Luther B. Wilson, D.D., LL.D., of Philadelphia; the Rev. Dr. Eugene A. Noble, of Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pennsylvania; James W. Pearsall of the Board of Trustees; Judge George G. Reynolds, of Brooklyn; Dr. A. Ross Matheson; the Rev. Dr. William V. Kelley, of Brooklyn; the Rev. Dr. George P. Eckman, of New York; the Rev. Ralph B. Urmy, of Newark, New Jersey; and the Rev. Dr. Robert Bagnell.

"The addresses were eloquent, sincere, affectionate. Memory, tribute, humor, and hope marked them, and love crowned all. Besides, Abram S. Kavanagh, D.D., chaplain of the hospital, gave the nub of many letters from friends who could not be present, who were sorry they could not be and who opened their hearts to Dr. Buckley and his hosts.

"The occasion will long be remembered. Few men equal clergymen in public addresses. No clergymen excel Methodist ministers in the oratory of affection, congratulation, and fellowship. . . . Such words as Bishop Wilson, Judge Reynolds and Dr. Noble said, with not a few words of other men, will be cherished as wonders and models. Best of all, the personal and affectionate side of Dr. Buckley were magnified, his learning, his controversial and his literary powers being well enough attested by his long and illustrious career."

"Whatever dies, or is forgot—
Work done for God, it dieth not."

"You can never tell when you do an act
Just what the result will be;
But with every deed you are sowing a seed,
Though its harvest you may not see.
Each kindly act is an acorn dropped
In God's productive soil;
Though you may not know, yet the tree shall grow
And shelter the brows that toil."

CHAPTER X

CHAUTAUQUA—WIT AND WISDOM

One institution, distinctly American, cosmopolitan in breadth, for the promotion of popular education, an agency of unmeasured influence and efficiency, itself sustained and vitalized by wide public sympathies, is—Chautauqua. John Heyl Vincent, intellectually brilliant, constructive as a thinker, sensitively alive to every thought-movement of the age, a man of quickest wit, warm-hearted, proverbially the sympathetic friend and sane counselor of young life, would, by sheer force of personal charm, culture and power, most naturally win for himself high rank among the elect men of the age. It was fitting that for many years he should hold, *par excellence,* the place of supreme standard bearer and grand marshal of the great and growing Sunday school army of his denomination. It was probably inevitable that the Methodist Episcopal Church should have made him a bishop. But the one institution in connection with which Bishop Vincent's genius

received most impressive accentuation, and the most valuable product of his creative talent, the one throne of his supreme and most valuable influence, the one movement that will halo his name with enduring fame, is—CHAUTAUQUA.

Chautauqua is unique. As a single organic institution it has perhaps more nearly than any other organization in America—probably in the entire educational world—worthily achieved the rank, in a large democratic sense, of a popular university. From its early history it has had organized departments and has furnished facilities for popular instruction in nearly all useful branches of knowledge. Its platform, on whose utterances through all the years untold thousands of most alert young minds have waited in eager and expectant mood, has been signally honored, first and last, by the presence of foremost experts from nearly all departments of human thought and learning. Chautauqua has stood for no "pent up Utica" of ideas. The passport to its teaching faculty—it might be said its "Faculty Cosmopolitan"—irrespective of creed or race, has inhered simply in the demonstrated ability and the guaranteed moral character of the teacher. Who can doubt that the unstinted hospitality,

or if not this, at least the generous toleration, which Chautauqua has always shown toward the honest intellectual life, carries in itself a great and significant lesson for the moral teachers of the age? The large intellectual catholicity of Chautauqua, itself a long-recognized center of mental stimulation, of moral healthfulness, and of Christian illumination, goes far to explain the sustained and widely vitalizing influence of the institution itself upon the popular mind.

Nothing less than what is here stated would seem an adequate introduction to Dr. Buckley's personal relations to Chautauqua. The roster of Chautauqua educators and lecturers holds a long list of illustrious names. In this list are represented many of the world's foremost celebrities. It is clearly within the facts, however, to say that of this famous company, Dr. Buckley is signally the dean over all. From the Chautauqua platform, in all its years, no one has uttered so many wise and witty words, and on such a variety of themes, as has he. For a period of more than thirty years, beginning with 1877, except in a few instances when he was absent from the country, he spoke successively from this platform. Within this period, including his sermons and

lectures, he spoke to a Chautauqua audience probably not less than one hundred times. For many years he also conducted annually a "question box." His continuous assignment to this place was not only a recognition of his cyclopedic information, but a tribute as well to the alertness of his mind and the lightning play of his wit. Dr. Kelley has said: "It is marvelous to note the aptness, the blended wit and wisdom, with which he opens the Question Drawer at the Chautauqua Assembly. All manner of queries, some philosophical and some silly, receive appropriate answer from that rare coordination of faculties, a full mind and a ready speech." To no man's wealth of knowledge, intellectual resourcefulness, or moral sanity could there be given more conspicuous acknowledgment than that which is furnished in Dr. Buckley's conceded premiership, as emphasized by nearly a full generation of years, of the Chautauqua platform.

When the variety of subjects, upon all of which he spoke illuminatingly, is considered, it seems nothing less than a phenomenon extraordinary that any one man could speak with such readiness and fullness upon so many, and often upon so diverse, themes. In all the fields of his intellectual activity there is none perhaps in

which the ready wealth of his resources, the unrestrained utterance of his personal opinions, and the spontaneous play of his humor and wit, appear more pronounced or to better advantage than in his Chautauqua life. Any record assuming to give a narration of Dr. Buckley's life which should fail in considerable measure to furnish illustration of his habitual intellectual spontaneity, could not be judged as even approximating at all ideally the real purpose for which such a record should be made. There is probably no cycle of his activities in which this quality more richly or more naturally appears than in his Chautauqua utterances. It is this conviction which decides that the remaining section of this chapter—and let it be generous—shall be made up exclusively of his own Chautauqua words, intermingled perhaps with an occasional comment by some interested hearer. Grateful acknowledgment is here made to the Chautauqua Assembly Herald for permission to use these extracts. On the occasion of his twenty-seventh lecture, the Assembly Herald said: "An audience limited only by the standing and seating capacity of the vast Amphitheater is a strong attestation to the popularity of Dr. Buckley at Chautauqua. His lectures are always the most entertaining,

and, moreover, always have in them some very helpful and sensible suggestions."

Questions and Answers

Question: What is the higher criticism? Answer: Well, the higher criticism professes to have respect to the literature of the Bible and the text of it. If understood, I suppose it means that it pursues carefully and inquires whether the Bible books were written by the men whose names appear there. That is a legitimate subject for inquiry. Also whether every part of the books is inspired. Some of them were plainly not written by the men whose names appear there, and others have been added to in various ways. These are all proper subjects of study. While we give attention to this, we should give the same reverence to the Old Testament as to the New. If the Old is false, the New is a delusion. Put that down on the authority of Jesus Christ. It was not faultless. If it were perfect, there would be no room for the second.

Question: Do you think the time will ever come when we shall be able properly to combine oxygen, hydrogen and carbon, etc., and thereby secure our food without waiting for

nature to produce it? ANSWER: Do you mean to ask me if I think that the time will come that I never can get a piece of apple pie such as my mother used to make? If so, let me pass away first. I have eaten some of those chemical combinations. They all lack the flavor. Artificial eggs can be produced that will do for omelet; but they have not the flavor of the natural egg; and you cannot hatch them.

QUESTION: Do you think Christian Science is antagonistic to the Christian religion? ANSWER: There never was anything so much so. It is more so in its results to Christianity and Christ than Ingersollism is. If you do not believe that, it is because you do not understand Christian Science, or have not thought it over and through. There are a number of deceived persons whose feelings I would not want to wound, but I profess to understand Christian Science to the very bottom of it. I paid one hundred dollars for lectures and am acquainted with the leading advocates and professors of it and know all about it that anybody knows, and I tell you that in fact it is evil, only evil, and that continually. There is a personal God or there is no God. There is actual sin or there is no sin. There is prayer or there is no prayer;

and if Christian Science is true, there are none of those three things.

QUESTION: How much truth is there in hypnotism? ANSWER: Hypnotism is a power. The same thing has forty or fifty different names, such as electrobiology, animal magnetism, mesmerism, idiopathy. The thing itself has a great deal of truth in it. The word or name "hypnotism" is merely a word.

QUESTION: Should the Chautauqua platform be broad enough to hold Robert Ingersoll? ANSWER: If it is, I shall put on sackcloth and ashes, and never look at it again so long as the world stands. Robert Ingersoll! Do you want the most wonderful eulogy of whisky? He has uttered it. Do you want to see the man who threw himself in favor of repealing all the laws which exclude obscene pictures from the mails? He signed a petition for that purpose. Do you want here an eloquent denier of Christianity and a man who ridicules Jehovah? If so, he is the man. Give not that which is holy unto the dogs. I have no doubt that he is a very pleasant person, but Chautauqua is not a circus. Chautauqua is a Christian institution, a Christian university, a place where God is honored and Christ believed in, a place where a

thousand martyrs could be found for the truth which this man ridicules throughout the world.

QUESTIONS: Do you believe in the nation's great outlay for warships? Will it not induce other nations to go and do likewise? ANSWER: I think that the most magnificent preparation for peace is to be thoroughly prepared for war. I thoroughly believe in the principle declared by the late Samuel J. Tilden, that our unprotected coast would be a strong temptation to the nations of the world to declare war against us. I do not believe that we have gone sufficiently far in protecting our coasts. We can dispense with standing armies, for the armies of other nations cannot easily reach us if our coasts are properly protected. More warships rather than fewer is my notion.

QUESTION: How do you explain the materialization of spirits? ANSWER: I explain it on the principle that it is a lie.

QUESTION: What do you think of the Science of Health, by Mrs. Eddy? ANSWER: I read that book six times. It is a mass of separate statements many of which are absurd. Some of the statements are well written though contradictory. Mrs. Eddy says in that book

that many persons have been cured merely by the reading of her book. But I want you to understand that whatever has such power for curing must have equal power for producing disease. Therefore you would better be careful.

QUESTION: Where now are the disembodied spirits of Christian friends? ANSWER: I acknowledge that question is too much for me. I do not know anything about it. The school men used to debate how many angels could dance on the point of a needle. There is no such thing as comprehending a matter of that kind. I do not know where they are. I do not know but spirits have the power of working in and out where other things are. I neither know nor care about it. If it were of any importance to me as a Christian it would be revealed in the Bible.

QUESTION: If you had a friend, a youth sixteen years old, who had the disease called skepticism and was drifting into unbelief, what treatment would you prescribe? ANSWER: None at all. Let him alone. He belongs to either one of two classes—either he has the foundation of good sense in his constitution which will enlarge as he grows older and

slough off everything that is absurd, or he has not. If he has, by setting him a good Christian example, talking intelligently on religion and not wearying him with it, praying for him, being very kind to him, his common sense will come along and your character will save him by the Spirit of God. But if you tell him he is a simpleton—which no doubt is the fact and therefore he can't appreciate it—you will make him angry. On the other hand, if he has not common sense, no treatment you could prescribe would do any good. Let him go. One of the greatest evils is to be continually prescribing treatment for boys about sixteen because of their immature ideas. You might as well prescribe treatment for their size to make them grow faster than they can.

QUESTION: In reading a book do you think that persons of ordinary average intelligence can acquire the habit of reading ideas without reading book words? ANSWER: Why, certainly. Now, the first degree of reading is this, to read letters; and it is very hard to learn. According to one of Dickens's characters, it is hardly worth going through so much to learn so little. The next is to read little words by spelling the letters. The next is to read large

words at sight. It took me a long time to learn to read the word "acknowledgment" at sight and tell it from any other word. The next degree is to read sentences at sight as you read sign-boards. Now you come to the fifth degree and that is to read paragraphs. You can hold up anything I never saw and give me a glance at it, provided the type is good enough for me to see it distinctly, and I can turn around and talk five minutes on that. That is a habit I have acquired in my business, and therefore I state to you that it can be acquired. And the last degree is to pay no attention to words at all but look down the page grasping the idea. The mind instantly thrusts aside all that amount of verbiage which is necessary to produce grammar. You can condense any sentence if you get rid of what is required to keep up your reputation as a grammarian. No person can read well in public who does not read ideas instead of words. The reason that we have so many poor readers is simply that they read words. In many cases elocution teachers teach that and nothing else.

QUESTION: Does the pope take The Christian Advocate? ANSWER: A copy of The Christian Advocate goes regularly to Rome to

a high Roman ecclesiastic. Don't you think for a moment that the Catholics depend on omniscience or infallibility for information.

QUESTION: Who was Cain's wife? ANSWER: The woman he married.

QUESTION: Is it as reasonable to expect perfection in man in his spiritual nature as in other things? ANSWER: It is wholly unreasonable to expect it anywhere. Perfection is a much misunderstood doctrine. Christian perfection is not freedom from infirmities. There is no good definition of Christian perfection in the world, and, as a rule, the person that dogmatically declares he possesses it will prove he has none of it if you contradict him.

QUESTION: When a minister is called to visit and pray with the sick, has he authority to anoint with oil? ANSWER: Only on one ground—that he is a fool or a fanatic; and then he gets his authority from his limitations.

QUESTION: What is your opinion of the existing divorce laws of the United States and their effect upon society? ANSWER: We have a great many States, and the laws are not the same in any two of them absolutely. My opinion is that the State has to have more reasons

for divorce than the seventh commandment. I think the Bible allows two causes for divorce very plainly: first, violation of the seventh commandment; and, second, willful desertion, but I do not think the church ought to be held to these two only. When a man is sent to prison for life, for murder, he is legally dead to his wife and she ought to have a divorce. In the State of New York when a man stays away ten years, and is not heard from, I hold the wife is entitled to a divorce even if the violation of the seventh commandment cannot be proven, on the presumption that if alive he has been guilty. I believe too if a man endeavors to poison his wife and it is proved, it ought to be a ground for divorce. I believe another thing in this way: Here is a woman whose husband is a wretch and everyone knows it, but they can't get any legal evidence. In a church court I would receive evidence of that man's general character, and I would allow the court to find that a man of his character would probably violate the seventh commandment, and grant her a divorce. I have investigated this matter and find a long list of men in favor of my views, some of which I have given you above.

QUESTION: What do you think of Elisha's

making the iron swim? ANSWER: I think it was a very remarkable circumstance.

QUESTION: Do you think it is possible for any of our dead friends to come back here and shake hands with us? ANSWER: I once called for one that had only four fingers and he came back and shook hands with me with five. Therefore I am ready to believe anything.

QUESTION: Do you think the heathen world can or will be saved without a knowledge of Christ? ANSWER: My belief is that every man who lives up to the light he has will be saved, and no one else will.

QUESTION: What is the real object of the new woman? ANSWER: The Lord knows, I do not. But I am a very careful observer.

QUESTION: Is it possible for an honest man to get a drink of liquor in Kansas? ANSWER: I don't know, I never tried.

QUESTION: Is heredity nothing and environment everything in the formation of character? ANSWER: That is mere rhetoric. Heredity helps some more than environment, and hurts some more than environment. Environment helps or hurts some more than heredity. But heredity and environment are the two great

factors which, with our limited self-regulating power, are to develop in us a glorious character and destiny, or otherwise. In one branch of my family, from time immemorial, the great toe has been an inch longer than the second toe, and I am the individual to whom that has descended. That is heredity. If it can deal with one end of the body in that way, what is the reason that it cannot deal with the other extensively?

QUESTION: What do you think of Christian Science as a religion? ANSWER: You might as well ask me what I think of Christian Science as a branch of mathematics. It has nothing to do with it at all.

QUESTION: What is the condition of the brain of a woman who attempts to do knitting and fancywork and digest a lecture at the same time? ANSWER: I thought of that yesterday, when I came to the temperance meeting in the afternoon, and saw sixteen women by actual count, on one side of the house, busy sewing and knitting, but I did not know that the question was going to be here. I will say this, that some little work that does not take a particle of thought helps some people to think. There was a celebrated lawyer who could not speak

unless he had something or other in his hand, and Charles G. Finney was wholly unable to preach unless he could catch the button of his suspender with his thumb. In one case, when the button gave away, he absolutely stopped in the presence of a congregation of two thousand, excused himself, went out into the anteroom, and pinned things up strongly and came back; and in a minute after he got back he made them all forget it in describing the terrors of the Judgment. I do not know but these women are unable to think without something of that kind. I do not know that they are able to think with it. If they are not able to think without it, it does them no harm; it makes no noise, and perhaps they would be talking if they did not do that. It does not help a speaker very much to look at a woman and see her busy sewing. Consequently, an intelligent speaker never looks at that class of people.

QUESTION: Define woman's sphere? ANSWER: That is an unripe chestnut. It is still under discussion. I have my views, and perhaps you can guess them.

QUESTION: Has the world gained anything by using the fork instead of the knife in eating? ANSWER: Yes. It has gained variety.

QUESTION: What is your conception of God? ANSWER: I solemnly declare to you that I have none, none whatever. I speak right out into the universe. I do not lift up my head particularly, except for form's sake; in public and private I kneel for the reflex influence of devotion. But I have no conception of God. I have no white throne in my horizon. God is above me completely. He is the mystery of the universe. But I believe in him with all my heart.

QUESTION: Is it just that I should be damned for Adam's sin? ANSWER: You never will be. Your own personal account is so large that Adam's sin will not enter into the calculation.

QUESTION: Aside from Bible statements, what proofs are there of man's immortality? ANSWER: No *proofs* whatever, but many *indications* and many things that will agree with the idea, if once accepted, on the testimony of revelation; but no proofs.

Here *is* something: QUESTION: Is the old saying that the ends of the hair should be cut at the time of the new moon, in order that it may become healthy and have a good growth, a fact or simply a whim? ANSWER: Don't you

know that hair is a superfluity, that evolution progresses upward, and goes through the hair and leaves it behind? Do not do anything in the new moon except what you would do if there were no moon, and above all, don't become moonstruck. Most of the great men of antiquity were bald, except Samson, and it would have been a great advantage to him if he had been.

QUESTION: What are the principal causes why we have so many nonchurchgoers among the laboring classes? ANSWER: Dullness in the pulpit is one, and greater dullness in the pew is another. Running the church in a semi-feminine way is a very serious one. Now, the philosophy of this remark is this: women will be at church anyway. Let women themselves, and the minister, and everybody else, try to make the church attractive to the men. I always endeavored to get men to attend the church. I never advertised a sentimental title that would draw women and young people. I advertised titles that intelligent men would care to hear discussed, if they could get there. When they came their wives were so glad to have their husbands go to church that they came with them; and often their daughters

were so surprised to see their father going with their mother that they went too. And, under these circumstances, everybody knows that the young men would be there.

QUESTION: What is the seating capacity of the Chautauqua Amphitheater? ANSWER: When they exhibit something here that does not *tax the brain,* count the people, and you will have your answer.

QUESTION: What is the oldest newspaper in the world? ANSWER: The Gazette, of Peking. It is more than a thousand years old; and every editor, up to about thirty years ago, had died from the sudden loss of his head.

REQUEST: Please explain how Chautauqua Lake is the source of the Mississippi River? RESPONSE: I will do it when you explain how the Delaware River flows by Constantinople.

QUESTION: Is marriage a failure? ANSWER: You know what the Jew said, when they put that question to him. He said that if a girl is an orphan, and has $150,000 in her own right, it is *almost* as good as a failure.

QUESTION: Do you know why the Americans are victorious on the Sabbath? ANSWER: You are one of the persons who have been

caught by the secular press about the fact that two or three things have happened on Sunday. Do you know that churches have been struck by lightning on Sunday, and the beer breweries and whisky distilleries were not struck at all? Think of it. It proves that God, according to your idea, favors the breweries. Let me tell you this: no battle was ever fought on Sunday, under any circumstances, where one or both sides did not think they were more ready on that day than they had been on Saturday, or would be on Monday. And the same is true of every other day in the year.

QUESTION: Has an audience any rights that a speaker is bound to respect? Has a citizen any rights that a policeman is bound to respect? ANSWER: Yes. But if he strikes the policeman in the face, what then? Has he any rights then that will prevent the policeman from drawing and using his club? The question, therefore, is to be answered as follows: A respectful, attentive, decorous audience has a right to demand of a speaker his very best; but a disrespectful, inattentive, indecorous audience has only the right to be thrashed with the speaker's tongue. A personal experience enables me to say that there is no pleasure so

sweet under such circumstances as that which a speaker then feels. Henry Ward Beecher said, "God calls on me for the grace of humility, and I am slow to respond. He calls upon me for the grace of indignation, and I answer in a moment." Such is life.

QUESTION: Do you think that flying machines will ever become a practical means of conveyance? ANSWER: I do. I expect to see flying machines within a few years. What have I not seen? I have seen the telegraph, known the inventor, and had explained from his own lips all the whole proceedings; and the telephone, and the phonograph, and the electric light, and a thousand things as wonderful as flying.

QUESTION: How is it that with young people's strong desire for a fine personal appearance, they will persist in smoking, drinking, riding and dressing in such a manner as to injure health and consequently form and beauty? ANSWER: Simply because they are simpletons. Of all follies commonly practiced, excepting drinking intoxicating liquors, smoking in excess is one of the worst respecting its effects on health. Many doctors who smoke will deny that at once. The fact in the case is

that it injures a great many persons and a larger number only a little; and those that it injures a little say that it does not injure them at all. Anything that makes one feel good as a result of its contact with any of the internal organs without digestion and assimilation, so that if one does not have it he feels badly, that thing of necessity is pernicious. Those who understand the human system know this must be the case.

QUESTION: Was Socrates a Christian? ANSWER: No. Every Christian must be a follower of Christ. He was probably a good man; if he was, he went to heaven when he died. "God is no respecter of persons. In every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted with him."

QUESTION: Mr. Moody being an uneducated man, to what was his extraordinary power for winning souls due? ANSWER: He was not an uneducated man. He was one of the most thoroughly educated men in this country. You seem to have the idea that education consists of knowledge in the contents of certain books, or of getting a knowledge of them in a certain place. There are few graduates in America that have been out of college twenty years,

except professors, who know as much as Mr. Moody when he was fifty years old, or had read more books, or had more ideas clearly defined. Of course his education did not in most cases cover the same range.

QUESTION: What is religion? ANSWER: A man has an intellect, a heart, a conscience, a will. Conscience consists of two parts—the judging part and the feeling part. There is not a worse guide in the world than conscience if the judging part is not properly instructed. A religious man is one having right ideas about God, morality, truth, immortality in his mind, and having his heart disposed to do what his mind shows him to be right; he therefore undertakes to do that, live in all good conscience, prays to God, becomes like God. Religion, if the heart were not involved, is only a theory. If you add to philosophy a good heart properly developed, you have a religious man.

Abraham Lincoln was once told by his Secretary Stanton that a man had acted in an outrageous manner and that he should write him the most scorching letter ever written. Lincoln said that was right, "But let me see the letter." Stanton wrote the letter, showing the man to be a scoundrel. Lincoln said: "It is

a tremendous thing. Now you have relieved yourself, burn it up."

QUESTION: What has become of the Mayflower? ANSWER: It is a reasonable presumption that it has rotted out by this time.

QUESTION: What are the best divisions of a sermon? ANSWER: The exordium and the peroration. The little boy who said, "The beginning was good, and the ending was good, but there was too much in the middle," was probably right.

QUESTION: What do you consider Roosevelt's strongest trait of character? ANSWER: Push.

QUESTION: Why do so many Christians have such a woebegone expression? Why do so many people not Christians have such a desperate look? ANSWER: Few Christians who understand their privileges and have not melancholia or hypochondriasis have a woebegone expression. Yet some of the happiest people do look sad, and some of the most miserable manage to wear a cheerful look.

QUESTION: Give a brief and comprehensive statement of the belief of an agnostic. AN-

SWER: I will. He is a professional know-nothing in all religious matters.

QUESTION: Do you believe in woman suffrage? ANSWER: I am so well contented with the women which the last generation has given us that I do not wish to risk a serious change in woman's relation to the state.

QUESTION: Is the healing principle in faith healing and Christian Science the same? ANSWER: There is no "principle of healing" in any of them. The healing is done by the strength of the medicine of nature. Believe and you will be healed, says the faith-healer. The mental scientist simply produces certain conditions in the mind of the person to be healed. The Christian Scientist denies the reality of disease and forbids thinking about it. I know this to be true, for I have healed people that way myself.

QUESTION: What are the strongest elements of Roman Catholic organization? ANSWER: Striking ceremonies; relation of priest to people; the spectacular liturgies, and a strong element is this: they are taught they cannot do without the church, where many of the Protestant denominations teach the people the church cannot do without them.

REQUEST: Please tell us the best joke you know. RESPONSE: I was traveling in the West and fell into conversation with a gentleman. We talked a long time and he said on parting, "I believe you are a minister." "I am a New York editor," I said. "Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "what a mistake I have made!" I then told him that I was both, but he said that was too much for any one man.

QUESTION: Is a college education always beneficial to a young man? ANSWER: A college education is always beneficial to a young man who has pursued it thoroughly, provided he doesn't develop a kind of snobbishness because he is a collegian. If he won't come back to his father's business and put on a red flannel shirt, if needs be, he has failed. But there it is his fault and not that of his college.

QUESTION: What is love? ANSWER: If you ever had it, you know. If not, none can tell you.

QUESTION: What ought to be done with tainted money? ANSWER: A remarkable piece of speculative fanaticism has been agitating the American people for the last four months. I consider the whole talk on that subject ridiculous. When I lived in Stamford, Connecticut,

I was collecting money for the aid of the widow of an organist killed by accident. I did not visit the saloons, but a saloon keeper came out and contributed fifty dollars. I don't believe in rum, but I took it. I say that any man who offers money to which he has a legal right has a right to devote it to some good service. This is the best use you can make of it. If you can't take a man's money when he offers it for a good purpose, you can't trade with him. If these dissenters buy a drop of Standard Oil, they are exactly in the same position as those who receive bequests.

REQUEST: Explain the origin of sin. RESPONSE: I am more concerned with its cure than how I got it.

QUESTION: Why are all men, even the best of them, so selfish? ANSWER: Perhaps because they have to look out for the wiles and craft of the other human inhabitants of the earth.

QUESTION: How should the United States government deal with the anarchists? ANSWER: I refer you to Secretary Bonaparte, who says that the light cases should be thrashed, the next should be imprisoned for an indefinite period, and those who advocate anything that has caused murder should be hanged. I have

no sympathy with the people who say that penalty has no place in punishment. We have more homicides and less convictions than any other civilized country. Russia in time of peace is not so homicidal as the United States. For proof of this, I refer you to statistics by Andrew D. White, ex-minister to Germany, and the first president of Cornell University.

QUESTION: Should children be allowed to read novels? ANSWER: Certainly, if they are well selected. I would not sell out the memory of Robinson Crusoe or Pilgrim's Progress. Our Lord's parables were novels in a definite sense. They are not actual history, are not put forth as such, and are not calculated to deceive or injure.

QUESTION: Is the "big stick" policy the best for the United States? ANSWER: Certainly it is, if it hits the right head with the right amount of force. There is no real governing without a big stick somewhere.

QUESTION: At what age should a minister retire? ANSWER: Supposing him to be in working condition, he ought not to retire from the work until the work begins to retire from him. Josh Billings said to me in the cars one

day that he would retire. I asked why. He said, "I leave the platform to avoid the melancholy fate of seeing the platform leave me."

QUESTION: Don't you think the apostle Paul was something of a Christian Scientist when he made this statement, "Be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind"? ANSWER: Well, I don't think so, for the Bible tells us that he took Luke the beloved physician with him on his journeys. Paul, a Christian Scientist? Why, he did not get rid of his thorn in the flesh. Paul, a Christian Scientist? He writes, "Trophimus I left at Miletum sick." He says, speaking of Epaphroditus, "Indeed he was sick nigh unto death: but God had mercy on him; and not on him only, but on me also, lest I should have sorrow upon sorrow." Paul knew no more about Christian Science than he did about automobiles.

QUESTION: You think *apparently* that woman's sphere is home, where she should cultivate all the finer qualities. What would you suggest to be done with the woman who has no home and who has to earn a living or starve? Ought she to die? ANSWER: She should, by all means. Of course she should die. "It is ap-

pointed unto man once to die, and after death the judgment." But I know of hundreds of women without homes or families and they are not starving or dying. Let a woman move by affection and intuition in the situation in which God has placed her and men will defer to her. I have no objection to women working. I have even no objection to women appearing on the platform, if they preserve their womanliness. If I were on a desert island where there were three hundred and sixty-seven women and five men, I would advocate woman suffrage. You see my theory. As Artemus Ward said, "I will not further adumbrate it."

QUESTION: Is it correct to call the parables the first fiction? ANSWER: The parables are as much fiction as Robinson Crusoe or Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. In the parables, as in these other works, the thing told is not a reality, but the spirit and the teaching underlying them is a great reality.

QUESTION: Do you know of any sure cure for masculine baldness? ANSWER: This is a hit at me. I can say that since my roof has been unthatched I have never had to worry whether my hair is parted and I have never had a headache.

Wit and Wisdom

Philosopher (to boatman rowing philosopher across lake): Do you understand astronomy?

Boatman: No; I don't know what that word means.

Philosopher: Then one half of your life has been lost. Do you understand philosophy?

Boatman: No; I never heard of philosophy.

Philosopher: Then a quarter more of your life is gone.

(Boat upsets and throws them both out.)

Boatman: Do you swim?

Philosopher: No.

Boatman: Then the whole of your life is gone.

A great many men are called liars—they only speak symbolically.

The poetry through which to reach the heart of a Harvard College graduate and hard-working lawyer at the close of a day of hard work is the poetry of a mutton chop.

A student in what was the East Windsor Theological Seminary undertook to preach there one Sunday in one of the old churches. This church had been so reduced that there was

scarcely a person who regularly attended there who was under fifty years of age, and the congregation did not amount to more than thirty or forty persons on a fair day. This young man had not many sermons, and took the one he was most familiar with. There was in the congregation a maiden lady of about fifty-two, and also her mother, who still lived at the age of eighty. The old lady always went to church, but she was slightly deaf, and when the daughter found the text and showed it to the old lady she would read it. On this occasion the old lady, with that loud whisper which all deaf people have, when the text was read to her, whispered to her daughter, "He is barking up the wrong tree here"; for the text was "Flee also youthful lusts."

Some claim to tell a man's character by his gait. Well, now, it is a singular thing, this matter of gait. Did you ever hear the story of the poor boy who saw an old gentleman that was bandy-legged standing in front of the fire; he never saw anything of the kind before, and he said, "Come away from the fire, you are warping."

The late Horace Greeley wrote rapidly, but very illegibly. He wrote a letter at one time

to James Gordon Bennett and sent it to him by a boy. Bennett could not read a line of it, and said to the boy that brought it: "What does the old fool mean? Take it back." The boy took it back. Greeley did not recognize it and said, "What does the fool mean?" Said the boy, "That's what the other man said."

At one time a missionary was coming home from India and he heard a man ridiculing the missions of India; he said he had been in India for several years and had not seen a native Christian convert, and gave an account of the tiger hunts he had seen; he had participated in over a dozen; seen more than a hundred tigers, and more than twenty killed. Then came the missionary's opportunity; he said, "I have lived in India many years and have never seen a tiger. I have seen many converts there. You went for tigers and you saw them. I went for converts and made them." A man sees what he takes with him.

Once Dr. Buckley on his way to Denver sat at the same table with another man, these two being the only passengers in the dining car. They talked upon every subject, each skirmishing to ascertain the profession of the other. Of this incident the Doctor says: "No man can

find out that I am a minister of the gospel unless I wish him to. He thought I was a lawyer, and he gave me some legal knowledge. I thought he was a doctor, and gave him some medical pointers. Then I thought he was an insurance man or that he was a banker and gave him problems as to interest, and so on. I afterward came to the conclusion he was a naturalist, and went into the discussion of the flora and fauna of that region. Then I edged toward religion. At first he did not take it up; after that he repeated to me a most magnificent passage of the liturgy of the Church of England. I came in with the litany, and he came in with the *Te Deum,* and we carried it on through. Still, we knew nothing about each other. At last we exchanged cards. Who do you think he was? "Lord Dundreary." So I got inside the theatrical profession, not by the door, but by some other way.

Just after Mr. Beecher avowed himself what was subsequently called a mugwump, he went into a barber shop presided over by a brother of African descent and said, "Do you shave mugwumps?" Mr. Beecher is seldom worsted in contests of wit, but the answer he evoked, he afterward acknowledged, confused him.

"Sah," he said, "I shave anything that has hair and cash. I have no prejudice that interferes with business, sah."

Speaking of prejudice, I will name the most demonstrative manifesters of prejudice, the Scotch and Irish. Now, if you can get a witty Scotchman, you have the wittiest man in the world, if you have the patience to wait for him. And if you get a witty Irishman you have the most magnificent expresser of pantomime. One of the witty Irishmen was talking with a Scotchman about this country, and said, "It is a great country over there." "Have you any lakes equal to Loch Lomond?" said the Scotchman. "Yes," said the Irishman, "there is one lake over there so big you could sink all Scotland in it and not find where it was except, perhaps, by the smell of whisky."

How are we to be sure that we are not under the control of prejudice? Simply by this process. Any time we find ourselves getting red hot upon any subject, and using three adjectives where we would otherwise use two, and think such a man a fool because he does not agree with us in any favorite position, reinvestigate the thing from the bottom up. Let us buy books of the men who do not agree with

us and hear the men who hold the opposite doctrine, and, better yet, make their full acquaintance. To judge a person by first impressions is death and destruction all the time. Try people, and believe in them until you find them wrong.

Egotism is one person talking of himself when you want to talk of yourself.

Christianity teaches that a man can pray to God for anything he feels as a Christian he needs, and that he can believe that his prayer will be a potent factor in the divine operations concerning him.

Christianity does not authorize man to believe that God has surrendered the exercise of his infinite attributes, either to the caprice, the ignorance, or the limitations of man. It does, however, emphatically teach that God will answer every prayer in one of two ways. Either he will cause to come to pass the specific things for which we ask, or he will give unto us a spiritual blessing which will make even the deprivation of these specific things a greater means of grace to us than the gift of that specific thing could have been. Nowhere does it teach us explicitly that we shall have what we pray for.

When Jesus prayed in the garden of Gethsemane he prayed as a man. Theology, and metaphysics of course, would confound us here. It makes no difference who or what Jesus was to the interpretation of the passage which he uttered as a prayer several times; for the prayer implies a disposing power in the Almighty and a natural desire in the express petition in the prayer of Christ: "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless not as I will, but as thou wilt." "If it be possible"—as he was addressing God, must mean it to be possible in harmony with the high purpose which God is to accomplish through Christ—"let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt." No prayer of any Christian that goes beyond that has any authority in Christianity. Atheism would be preferable to the belief that a capricious man can compel God by any prayer that he may offer.

Two Christian Science women undertook to tell me that I did not need glasses to see anything near at hand if I would only reject the belief that there was anything the matter with my eyes, and that I would never be short-sighted or long-sighted, and that I could see as

well without glasses as with them, whereas the oculist whom I consulted said I had a disease of the eyes and I might take my choice, whether to buy a pair of glasses or a pair of tongs, so that I could hold things far enough off to see. Alas! one of those very women now sports a pair of eyeglasses; but still she is a Christian Scientist, and why shouldn't she be? She gets fifty dollars for six lectures, and one hundred and twenty-five dollars for eighteen lectures, and she is so busy teaching people these wondrous truths that she has no time to treat any cases; and is thus relieved from a great responsibility.

If you want to test Christian Science give it a case of bad corns or in-growing toenails to cure.

I asked Dr. J. M. Buckley to tell me something of his methods of work. He told me that usually it is better to work only when one is in the mood, provided the man loves his work and has moods often. But sometimes a man is not in the mood, but cannot tell why. His own course in such a case is first to try something else quite unlike the work intended. Then sometimes it is possible after waking up on this to switch over to the other. If this fails, he

takes a short, sharp walk, say of a mile, and returning tries again. Failing again, he works at little things that are dispatched in a few moments one after another. Unless ill, he can save the day by this sort of work which must be done at some time. "Occasionally," said he, "I have been too restless for this, and then, if possible, I get into an argument with some good-humored friend with whom on a current topic there is some difference of opinion. If still the dullness lingers, I count that day lost for work, whether its low descending sun shines on some good deed or not."

No one living can look into a man's face and tell what he is, provided there are no signs of physical vices.

It is not for us to sit in judgment upon the beliefs and doubts of another, but, rather, to receive him in our midst unquestioningly, provided he do not thrust his doubts upon us, or burden us with doubtful disputations. For him who earnestly interrogates the Word of God there will be returned an answer suited to his spiritual needs. Preserve the strictest adherence to your own views and absolute allowance to the beliefs of others.

A few years ago I was delivering a lecture here on "Cranks; or, How Not to Go Mad." I had occasion to quote, during the lecture, from some foreign authors, and in the report which appeared the name of one of these authors was misspelled, and the quotation from a work of his was inaccurately given. Some time afterward I received from the gentleman whom I had quoted a letter—the result of his having seen the imperfect report of my lecture. He was really insulting; said that I had attributed to him something he never said, that I had even misspelled his name, and that he didn't believe I had ever read the book. I replied to his letter, explaining how the mistakes had occurred, and then took occasion to say, in referring to his criticism, that I had read his book very carefully—had read it through three times, and to convince him that I was familiar with its contents I would remind him of one statement made therein in which he said that "Bitter impatience is frequently a sign of approaching lunacy."

Whatever may be said of Darwin's theory, this is perfectly certain, there are many tribes of men on earth capable of being distinguished from the more cultivated animals only by their

figure and their capacity as a race of being developed. Whatever you may do with any of the lower animals year after year—as a speaker once observed—take for example the ass; train him year after year and you will only have the same ass you see before you to-day.

You shake hands with your neighbors. It originated in the time before the invention of gunpowder. When two men, who were enemies still, were about to make a truce, met, they grasped each other by the weapon-hand, so there could be no treachery while they were talking. That is the first grasp of the hand that history mentions.

There should be courtesy always between a man and his wife. In courtship it is all courtesy and it is a cloak that hides their natures from each other, but how often they stop as soon as they are married. Do not carry it as far as the man who always aroused his wife when he awoke in order to shake hands with her. What an awful reflection it is upon America that Josh Billings could say that "The observation of fifty years convinced him that if a man and a woman sat in a train, and he looked out of the window and she looked up and down, they were married. But if they

conversed in the most delightful manner they were either going to be married or were not married at all." Almost all domestic troubles could be prevented if a little more courtesy were used in our homes. Talk about a man's falling in love with his wife—he ought to do it if he has not already done so. He ought to fall in love with her every day and she ought to fall in love with him. If she believes there is a man in the world that altogether is superior to him, she ought to try to deceive herself. He should believe that no man ever did find, or could find, a woman better adapted to him than she is. If it is not a fact, and they both know it, even then genuine courtesy will enable them to be happy together after love has ceased, and they will have more happiness and peace with each other, under one roof, than those who love but are always uncourteous.

August 4, 1897. Chancellor Vincent, President Lewis Miller and Dr. J. M. Buckley were the only veterans on the platform who were there twenty-four years ago. Dr. Buckley said: "When I contrast an audience like this with the first day, I have to say to you that the most wonderful thing in all the world is, that a brain conceived Chautauqua. All this, and

more, was in the brain of Chancellor Vincent and his colleague when this place was laid out. As well as if it were yesterday, I remember the words Chancellor Vincent uttered to me on these grounds, 'If I do not entirely miss my calculation,' he said, 'this is the beginning of a great movement.' Blessings be upon the heart that conceived it."

A microscope now shows that at the lowest calculation there are six hundred millions separate cells in the gray matter of the brain. . . . There is nothing in nature, nothing in botany, more beautiful or regular than the human brain. And when you put the brain of an intelligent man beside the brain of an idiot, or a Hottentot, you can see the better what civilization has done for your brain, and on what civilization itself depends.

Now, in regard to the changes that take place. There is a scar on my finger, as distinct as it has been for half a century, that was made by a hatchet which I took up contrary to the orders of my mother. During that period, nature has been changing my substance and reproducing that scar. Any soldier here that bears honorable scars for his country has them still, because nature, when it receives an impres-

sion, reproduces it. I have no doubt that I shall destroy a hundred thousand cells by delivering this lecture, and before I shall have finished, thousands of them will be in my veins, on the route to the world, by every eliminating process. I am absolutely certain that my morning repast is lecturing to you now. All the laws of physiology prove that. I have assimilated the simple ingredients which I ingested. They must be in the blood; they must be in the brain. If I had not blood enough, I would faint and fall; if I had too much blood, I would have a stroke of apoplexy. No organ in the body proceeds so rapidly in nutrition as the brain, for more blood, relatively, goes there, and it goes faster, even against gravity, than elsewhere. So it is as easy for the brain to make these new impressions as it is for the hand to make them. When you connect this train of thought with the disease of the memory, and processes of reproduction, you will be surprised to see how a great many things are explained.

A man who rides a bicycle on the sidewalk is a foe to humanity, and ought to be crowded off the curbstone.

With regard to the Sabbath. If I lived four miles from the church I would go to church on

the bicycle. If I wanted to see a sick woman, or a sick man, on Sunday, as a pastor, and it was too far to walk, I would go on the bicycle. Essentially, the bicycle is like a carriage, or like a horse, or like my own legs. In itself considered, it is as right to ride a bicycle on Sunday as on any other day . . . There is no man that goes out bicycling on Sunday for pleasure that conducts family prayers in any proper sense of the word. Remember, it is not merely that a man stays away from church to ride the bicycle for pleasure on Sunday, though that is wrong; it is that being away from church divorces him from Christian influences.

But some one will say, "It is the only chance I get to ride." Is it? Get up earlier in the morning. If you wish to ride, and save your soul, you can ride in the morning, in the evening, and on holidays. I give the bicycle great credit for enabling thousands of men to go home to dinner that never could do it before. It is a marvelous benefit, and compensates in a great degree for many evils. But when you come to putting anything the bicycle can do against growth in grace, against your influence over your children, against your influence over young men, I assure you it is a terrible

mistake. In the present condition of affairs no Christian should ride a bicycle on Sunday on any account, unless advertised practically that he was going on an errand of charity, mercy or devotion, for he would be compromising the Sabbath by sanctioning the pleasure-riding usages that have grown up.

(There can be no doubt that if Dr. Buckley were speaking at the present date, he could substitute "automobile" for "bicycle" in all the foregoing quotation.—G. P. M.)

A young maiden lady said to a young man of her acquaintance, "What is the matter with you? You often seem to be real manly, and then you are the most effeminate person I ever knew. How do you explain it?" Said he: "I suppose it is explained by the law of heredity. One half of my ancestors were masculine and the other half feminine."

"How did you find the plaintiff," said a lawyer to a doctor, "when you first saw him?" "I found him with the right integument in a tumefied state. I found very much ecchymosis into surrounding cellular tissues. I found considerable extravasation of blood." Said the judge, "Do you mean that he had a black eye?" "Yes," said the doctor. "Then

why did you not tell the jury so?" replied the judge.

There is a monument in Madrid in honor of a bull which slew a lion, wild and untamed, brought from Africa for the purpose; then he slew a tiger, and then a lion and a tiger together. And nothing stood before him until a wild elephant was brought there to fight with that bull; and the elephant managed him as some women manage their husbands—he "sat down on him" and broke his back.

It is Dr. Buckley's humble opinion that Theodore Roosevelt would have been a duelist had he lived in the days of Andrew Jackson, and as a sort of proof he cites the story of "Teddy's" boxing match with three ruffians in the hire of an Albany boss. After having humbled them in the dust each in turn, or all at once, some half a dozen times, until they cried for mercy, he turned upon them with his blandest smile, saying: "I know who got this up. I am much obliged to you and to him—I have not enjoyed myself so much for half a year."

The college men of the highest type are the salt that is to save a republic like this. A re-

public must be under the control of men of the highest moral development and symmetrical culture. The number of men of this sort that a country has is the measure of that country's strength.

A reform should never go exceedingly fast. You can cure a man of round shoulders by a slow process of massage, and exercise, and making him walk up stairs with Webster's dictionary on his head, but if you squeeze him in a vise he would be straight for about a minute and a quarter and then he would be straight in his coffin.

The proper method of taking a bath is first, take a coarse towel and wringing every drop of water out of it that it is possible to get out rub yourself vigorously from top to toe. Next take a second towel, wet it, and without wringing it rub yourself thoroughly with that. The next step is to douse yourself completely with water, then rub yourself off first with your hands and afterwards with a towel. After such a bath a person feels sufficiently invigorated to attempt anything.

Many of the brightest minds I have known have lost their influence in church and state by plagiarizing.

Illustrating the power of money to corrupt legislation, a man arose in the Assembly of the State of New York, and asked, "Is this the house that Vander-built?" "No," replied another, "the house that Vander-bought."

The foregoing and somewhat extended list of quotations from Dr. Buckley's Chautauqua sayings form really but a minor fraction in the total sum of his equally spontaneous and sapient utterances from the same platform. It is, I think, correctly judged that these sayings, as illustrative of his alert mental resourcefulness, are worthy of permanent place in the narrative of his life. The eager thousands waited upon his speech, because from his very fullness he was a prodigal dispenser of sentiments common to life—sentiments which awakened in the hearts of multitudes the human response. He possessed the unusual gift of insight and power which enabled him to translate into plain speech for common uses the experiences and emotions which most vitally relate themselves to the life of men. He had the genius for teaching how to "honor every truth by use."

CHAPTER XI

THE MAN

THE bodily appearance of Dr. Buckley stands in somewhat marked contrast when compared with his mental stature. He is about five feet six inches high. He is, in proportion to his height, long-bodied and short-limbed. His vital functions are well-roomed. Mounted above all, is a head calling for a seven and one half inch hat. To use the figure of Disraeli, he literally stands "on his head."

His old friend and great admirer, the late St. Clair McKelway, editor of the Brooklyn Eagle, thus sketches his appearance: "The personality of Dr. Buckley is interesting. Meeting him casually in the street, or in a throng, the more careless even would be attracted and impressed by him, yet in outward appearance he is far removed from the popular ideal of a great man. It would not be said of him as was said of Daniel Webster in London that 'no one was ever so great as he looked to be.' He does not measure up to that ideal so finely expressed in Bismarck, nor even in Gladstone, who, if he had not the height, had the bulk. As

a matter of fact, Dr. Buckley is rather insignificant as to frame. It is his head and face that take and hold attention. Candor compels the statement that it is not the beauty and regularity of his features that is impressive, but, rather, the massiveness of the head, the intellectual strength and power stamped on the face, and those remarkable eyes—glowing, absorbing, penetrating, all embracing. It may be surprising to those who have never seen Dr. Buckley, but know of him as a controversial gladiator who receives the hard blows he invites gaily and returns them with a joyous laugh, that he is man of under size, of a frame so slight that it would seem as if his head had gotten astray from its proper body and had been joined to one barely if at all able to support it. Yet withal there is no suggestion of feebleness or want of vigor."

Bishop Fowler once, perhaps somewhat facetiously, described Dr. Buckley as follows: "He is short of stature, like Saint Paul, standing five and a half feet in his stockings, and weighing one hundred and fifty pounds. He is bald-headed like Socrates. He has dark thin whiskers and moustache, his eyes are round, dark, and steady. He is nervous, quick and ready, yet calm, deliberate, and authoritative."

Judge Wheeler, once in introducing Dr. Buckley from the lecture platform, in a series of very witty sentences declared that on account of the extreme modesty of the lecturer of the evening he had cut out the flower of his remarks, but wound up with a paraphrase on Kipling's ode to "Our Bob":

"Oh, 'e's little, but 'e's wise;
'E's a terror for 'is size,
'Aint ye, Doctor?"

Thus far, for the most part, we have studied Dr. Buckley in the light of his achievements. We have not seen the whole man. We have not been able to explore all the hidden wealth of his character. There are doubtless in his capacious structure reserved chambers rich in hidden treasure, to which neither we nor any other have ever been fully admitted—certainly not with the lights turned on. It is both a truism and a proverbial classic, that, however great the product, the creator himself is greater than his greatest creation. When in the presence of some crowning discovery or invention we find ourselves wrapped in the mood of admiring wonder, we have but to turn from the discovery or invention to the man in whose vision these were born, to find a still greater,

and a forever unfathomable, source of wonder and admiration.

Edison has been styled the "'Wizard of Invention." The products of his genius are bewilderingly numerous. He has turned the night darkness of the city street into brilliant noonday. He entertains our parlor guests not only with the oratory, story, and song of living geniuses, but we are permitted to hear the identical voices of loved ones whose lips are now forever closed. But the living genius of Edison, like an inquisitor haunting nature's secret places, inexhaustible in its inventiveness, stands in the presence of his creations something immeasurably superior to them all. If it be true that the artist, for his supreme creations, mingles his own blood with his pigments, it is still true that when his masterpiece is finished his vital fountains remain inexhaustible.

The hidden power of a great life is evidenced in the fact that no single generation ever becomes the possessor of it all. In the life of the Church, a few great lives can be cited which have given the forms of credal beliefs largely not only for their own, but for subsequent ages. Such characters are Augustine, Luther, Wesley. These have been great makers of history. Their influence lingers as a witching stimulus

in the thought of the Church. They never die. With each succeeding generation new studies are given to their careers, fresh appraisals of their influence are attempted, and their lives are newly written; but still large sections of their psychic wealth and power ever remain to be explored. How many lives of Napoleon have been written! But still, the deeper secrets of his genius remain covered. The resultant of his influence upon world-history has not been fully ascertained. He will remain an object of fascinating interest to future historians. Robert Burns, sprung from most common soil, with no visible parentage for his genius, poet of humanity, prophet of democracy—who has exhausted the alluring secret of his power? The charm of his story will remain fresh and fruitful as long as in our human world there is aspiring struggle for freedom, and so long as perfect song shall entrance the soul of man.

If it be true that the greatest study of mankind is Man, it still remains that we gain our most impressive and helpful view of the higher potentialities of mankind in general through our observation of the exceptional individual. He is the translator and interpreter to the world at large of the human possibilities. The susceptibility to music is universal in the hu-

man breast, inborn. But it takes the single genius of a Beethoven or a Handel to give inspiration, voice, harmony, the sea-swell of resistless melody, to this latent potency in the multitudes. In the popular mind of Attica there was not wanting a deeply implanted and widely distributed motive of patriotism. But to evoke this patriotism, to fuse it in the fires of irresistible unity, to give it definite and effective direction, required the impelling voice of a Demosthenes. In the crises of the world the great man incarnates himself in the multitude, he becomes a new soul in the life of the masses. He inspires among them a common impulse of migration toward higher levels and to more heroic achievements, ideals which hitherto have lived only in his own best moods.

The biographies of such men can never be ideally written. In the sum of their individuality there is much more hidden than is revealed. In saying this we need make no special appeal to the subliminal treasures, which it may be assumed, are held in reserve in the psychology of such characters. The forces within these men, always subject to instant summons to the active field of consciousness, are so numerous that no outside observer, probably not even the subjects themselves, would

ever be able to make just appraisement of them all. The psychology of a great soul is a wonderful study. It must be the study of a battlefield on which betimes are waged the fiercest conflicts of which consciousness can take note. Saint Paul has given us a vivid lantern slide of the moral conflict within him which made his own soul a very arena of destiny. No genius ever argues himself through to final decisions, ever finally shapes his diagram of action, without first encountering within his own breast the challenge of opposition, the caution of an opposing philosophy.

The foregoing is no digression. It is all suggested by reflection upon the many-sidedness of the man whose varied activities have engaged the pages of this narrative. I confess to an increasing impression that in all thus far written we have been dealing more with the put-forth action, and the outspoken word, of an official career, rather than reaching success in revealing the richer wealth, however inaccessible to us, hidden in the inner life of our subject. The official expression, from first to last, has doubtless been true to the accepted standards of its obligation. But behind the tangible and fruitful output of Dr. Buckley's mind and heart there must be a spacious hinter-land rich

in the play of unrevealed thought, feeling, motive, mental conflict, inspiration, imagination, introspection. Of course there would be very much in this inner soul-life which should remain the sacred and uninvaded possession of him in whose consciousness alone it should come to expression. But, aside from all this, what a pageant of intellectual and psychic wonder would pass before us, if in a clear light and with revealing insight we were permitted to traverse this hidden world!

Of the man, however, as we have known him, there remains much to be said quite in distinction from the phenomenal wealth of his achievements, which themselves lay so great claim upon both our attention and admiration. In seeking near approach to his essential character, many qualities challenge our attention. If impartial frankness is to guide our estimate, it must be admitted that a pronounced impression which Dr. Buckley has made upon many minds, more pronounced doubtless in his earlier than in his later years, is that of personal egotism. An acute observer, a long-time friend and admirer, says: "The first impression received by many of him in his earlier life was that of a young man of marked ability, smart and quick, who thought of himself more highly

than he ought to think, or, to put it roughly, self-conceited. This notion of him, which was apparent in all directions, continued, though with diminishing force, till a few years ago."

Another, with perhaps equal and as interested opportunity of observation, says: "I know there has been an impression accepted by many that Dr. Buckley's stock of egotism was so large as to make it impossible for him to have a correct knowledge of himself, or to understand his limitations. It cannot be denied that, in common with most great men, he had some vanity which might be reckoned an infirmity. But his egotism was not of a kind that makes a fool of a man. He once had a conversation with a strong-minded woman, who, when her resources seemed to be exhausted, said, 'Dr. Buckley, my chief objection to you is your colossal egotism.' This fierce attack would have put a stop to the conversation and the argument with most men; but it was not so in this case. Holding his peace until he had time to cool, and until she had time to cool at least a little, he answered with the utmost politeness and amiability: 'Madam, you may be mistaken. I have not so much egotism as you imagine. When I know that I know a thing better than anyone

else, why should I not sincerely confess it? Is there any virtue in pretending ignorance when you know that you have knowledge? What you so severely condemn is not egotism, but consciousness of strength, which is a virtue.' " Whatever may be our estimate, pro or con, as to the volume or quality of inherent egotism belonging to him, there could have been nothing vapid or empty about it all. He was never foolish, never inane, in his utterances. He well-nigh invariably spoke the things which people were interested to hear. He spoke them in a clear, forceful, informing manner. He always spoke from a seemingly exhaustless fund of knowledge. His judgment, if it did not always command assent, never failed to command respect.

He was a great conversationalist. He might be classed with those elect persons who have gained celebrity as social entertainers. There is now and then a man *sui generis* for power as a brilliant converser at the table. Colonel Harvey, in one of his editorials, presents a racy picture of a series of luncheon parties given at the White House during one winter in the second administration of Mr. Roosevelt, "which for occasions of sprightly conversation have hardly been excelled. Invariably the day

was Saturday, when the work of the week had ended, and the party—well, the party was not always the same, but usually Secretary Root was there and Secretary Taft and Speaker Cannon and Senator Proctor (the drollest and driest of all) and Mr. Francis Sargeant, and occasionally Senators Aldrich and Beveridge, Mr. Watterson, Major Hemphill, or others who happened to be in town and *always* Mark Twain and Mr. Wayne MacVeagh. The unvarying question, so Mr. Root was accustomed to remark, was, which will get started first today—Clemens or MacVeagh? And so, indeed, it was. Either was good for a monologue of two hours at least and neither would brook an instant's interruption, even if anybody had been disposed—as nobody ever was—to check the flow of humor from the one or of wit from the other." Dr. Buckley could be very properly rated with the Twain-MacVeagh class of table conversers.

If in the social circle, it was his tendency, even his habit, to monopolize the conversation, this also could be justified largely on the ground that as ascribed to Dr. Johnson, "The influence exercised by his conversation . was altogether without a parallel."

A bright young man in the Reformed min-

istry, observing him, said, "I can easily tolerate a man who takes a large view of himself when he is really a large man." There is all the difference in the world between the egotism of a fop, or an empty-headed pedant, and the conscious power of a great resourceful mind. There is much to show that Dr. Buckley had a very measured and sane understanding of himself. Some things that are now history can be stated without impropriety. There was a time when large numbers of delegates in the General Conference, moved largely by two, and quite distinct motives, would have been glad to elect him to the episcopacy. Many of these delegates, especially from the West, were not in agreement with his policies on the question of the admission of women to the General Conference, and on other questions. They thought that by removing him from his position in the Advocate they would be rid of a powerful antagonist. There were many others who believed, and among these were included also large numbers of the former class, that the bringing of his exceptional powers and gifts to the episcopacy would both greatly ornament and strengthen that high office. It is sufficient to say that the proposition to elect him to the episcopacy never by word or sign received the

slightest encouragement or sanction from himself. There can be little doubt that if he had signified his willingness or desire to be made a bishop, he could have been overwhelmingly elected to the office.

There were those near him who thought that he would do well to state his position beforehand. This he declined to do, not thinking it modest that he should announce himself, pro or con, on such a matter until the General Conference should have at least given some expression in the case. With the general feeling abroad that he himself was averse to being made a bishop, he was, of course, not elected. But his real and determined attitude to the question, as then revealed in confidence to some of his near friends, may now very fittingly belong to the entire Church. He said of himself: "I cannot say that I believe I am called of God to the office of a bishop in the Church of God. On the contrary, I am sure I am not called. If I were, there would be some indication of it in my prayers. When I draw near to God in prayer, he does not give me the slightest intimation that he wants me in that office. There is not the slightest drawing of my mind and heart in that direction. Another reason is this: I know my limitations. While I am in

the Advocate I can travel abroad without compulsion or direction. I can avoid rigorous climates which would soon break me down. If I should accept the office of bishop, I cannot choose. I cannot shirk. I am certain that in that case I should not live two years. I should break down as E. O. Haven did, and as Edward Thomson did, and be swept away by the storms. I do not believe I am called to make this sacrifice while there are other men, vigorous in body, who can do this work as well as I could, and possibly better."

If we would really know the intrinsic quality of a man, we must test him by the altitude and plane of his loyalties. The man of flawless moral integrity, the sun-crowned man, is never the creature of mere expediency. In the presence of life's supreme obligations he never dodges in and out as one guided by the fickle phenomena of shifting temporal interests. Rather as a mariner pursuing his steady purpose in a career of duty and of destiny, however storm-swept the skies, or fog-covered the seas, he always knows the bearing of his fixed polar star. Perhaps for the moral measurement of Dr. Buckley there is no surer gauge than the word "loyalty." The noblest and loftiest loyalty can grow and flourish only in

a soil of righteousness. In the supreme relations of life the loyalty of that man who at core is not God-knowing and God-fearing may be distrusted. James M. Buckley was eminently a godly man. He did not always perhaps make this impression in his casual associations with men. He was absolutely free from cant. He had an abhorrence of anything like a gratuitous display of pious pretension. He never used his religious profession as a business card. He never placarded his headquarters as a place where business was transacted on the basis of the "Golden Rule." But the citadel of his own heart was always guarded by a loyalty to God which was rock-firm and as clear as the sunlight. The testimony of one who knew him long and well, is: "I believe that at any time he would have been willing to lay down his life rather than depart from the way in which he believed God would have him walk. This was his anchor."

He had definite, and usually very enlightened, views of the Bible. It does not matter for present purposes, whether these views were or were not in harmony with most that would be advanced by the present-day school of evangelical and constructive biblical criticism. He believed that, in a sense sufficient to guide man

infallibly along a divine highway of spiritual and moral attainment to a holy immortality, the Bible is the Word of God. And his loyalty to his belief was as firm as that of a martyr.

He loved his Church. He believed in her doctrines and usages. He knew, as perhaps no other man of his day, the history, the teachings, and the personnel of this Church, and to it he gave his lifelong labors and support. He early became convinced that it was his duty to give himself to the Christian ministry. This could never mean for him, in any financial sense, a life of lucrative income. It meant that he must give his powers, however brilliant, to a service calling for only modest material compensations, that he must be a lifelong minister to the poor, the sick, and, in many cases, the unprivileged. It meant that he, with his family, must be subject to the vicissitudes, the ups and downs, of a life in the itinerancy. We have already seen how as a very young man there was proffered him a lucrative place and with every promise of eminence and fortune, if he would step aside from the ministry and enter the legal profession. But, no! He had heard God's voice within him calling him to this work, and to that work he would be loyal to life's

end. What an example is here for many a young man of finest moral capacity who, as away from the summons of the spiritual, feels put upon him the tremendous lure of this mercantile, money-loving, and materialistic age!

It has been emphasized by those who had best opportunities for knowing that Dr. Buckley's love for his mother was both intense and tender in a degree that made it distinctly beautiful. His mother was an exceptionally admirable character. Of her her son had just reason to be proud. It is due also, perhaps more than incidentally, to note that a large factor in this mother's happiness throughout all her later years, was in the satisfactions she experienced in connection with the character and success of her illustrious son. He could never be forgetful of his great personal indebtedness to her. Throughout her lifetime there was no gift of heart or of treasure too precious for him to lay at her feet.

In the fullest sense of the term he probably had but few *intimate* friends. Some of these are still living. Their testimony to his partnership in a full-hearted, absolutely loyal, and unbroken life-friendship is very beautiful.

He was guided by a high sense of honor in his relations to his associates in official work.

One of his long-time fellow workers writes of the circumstances under which he was invited to the position of the assistant editorship. Dr. Buckley said to him: "I have given this matter careful consideration. . . . I want you to come to my office not as *my* assistant, but as the assistant editor of the Advocate. There is a distinction, and it is my desire to have it observed. You will come not as an underling, but with all the rights and responsibilities of your office. You will not be my assistant, but my brother, and we will work together as brothers on a common task, to which we will make our common contributions."

The same writer further says: "He was eminently fair—or sought always to be so. He had not the slightest sympathy or patience with shams—and was keen to try a lance with every windmill of hypocrisy, pretense, bombast, and mountebankery that appeared on the horizon. It was his own innate sense of honor that was finding expression, and that compelled him to become a champion of personal righteousness, even though his championship sometimes brought much condemnation and criticism upon his own head. . . . In the editorial conduct of the paper the same high regard for the fundamentals of manhood appeared con-

stantly. If, inadvertently, a statement were printed that was wide of the truth—even in small details—he was more than willing to make suitable correction. And if the character and reputation of an individual or of an organization were involved, he was sure to make more than ample restitution."

As to his real motives of equity and of fair-dealing, nothing could be more satisfactory than this kind of testimony—coming as it does from out of the long experiences of a sensitive, exacting, and laborious partnership with one's chief in the common endeavor to discharge great and difficult responsibilities.

In preceding pages much incidental reference has been made to Dr. Buckley's wealth of knowledge. Knowledge, various and full, was such an element in his personal power as hardly to admit of overstatement. One who knew his habits and capacity says: "His ability to read with surprising rapidity made it possible for him to read ten times as many books in a year as the ordinary reader, and his fine memory enabled him to gather up and store away all the books contained. He was a wide reader of the best books. He knew history, especially the history of our own country and of our own Church, as few men did. He had read the

biographies of nearly all great men, and had read with care the stories of all the prominent men of the Methodist Church. He was familiar with the best English literature, and had made a special study of Shakespeare and of most of the great poets. Having this rich store of literature always at command made him a power in debate and extemporaneous address. I never imagined that he was qualified to take charge of a department of science in any of our best colleges; but he had made himself acquainted with the principal branches to a sufficient degree to enable him to speak without embarrassment either in conversation or public discussion on topics requiring a knowledge of these things. . . . The wonder to me always was how he could command time to pick up so much knowledge about everything."

He had a deep insight into character. His knowledge of men was large. This was partly instinctive, partly acquired. He studied men, and easily read them. We have emphasized his general fair-mindedness. He was habitually swayed by a large sense of justice. But to assume that he invariably took the true and best view of individuals would be an overassumption. This would be to give him credit for a perfect insight, and to an unerring judgment,

of character. There are cases in the memory and judgment of living men where Dr. Buckley's personal equation was so charged with certain atmospheres as to make apparently impossible to him the placing of some individuals in the best light—the light to which many thought them justly entitled. All this is perhaps only to say that he was human, intensely so. He did by no means altogether escape the touch of "our mortal nature's strife."

In further illustration of Dr. Buckley's remarkable memory, I present here two interesting tests of this faculty. When he went to Europe in 1888 I was residing in Stamford, one of his former pastoral fields. He promised that on his return he would spend the first night of his next visit in Stamford as guest in my home. On the evening in question Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. Hubbard, warm mutual friends, invited Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Hoyt, Mrs. Mains, and myself to meet Dr. Buckley at their home for dinner. It transpired that on that day Mr. and Mrs. Hoyt had become grandparents by the birth of a child in the home of their eldest son. No sooner was the fact announced than Dr. Buckley forthwith, in felicitation of Mrs. Hoyt, proceeded to tell, and without the slightest hesitation, seven dis-

tinct stories on grandmothers. This may seem casual. But how many are there who, without special premeditation, could tell in quick succession seven grandmother stories?

His long-time friend Dr. James Buckley Faulks relates the following. In one of their summer pedestrian tours, with two young men, Messrs. Burr and Hoyt, as traveling companions, they had witnessed at Raleigh, North Carolina, a great eclipse of the sun. Dr. Faulks had been engaged to write up his impressions of this eclipse for the Jersey City Journal, and for the time being was not in a mood to be diverted by any sort of story-telling, however interesting in itself. "But," he says, "Dr. Buckley put me to the test by proposing to tell me twenty-five distinct stories which I had never heard him or anybody else tell, and if he failed, he would pay the entire expense of the party back to New York. Young Hoyt and Burr so enthusiastically urged the acceptance of the proposition that I finally yielded."

What followed, Dr. Faulks thus describes: "Buckley proceeded with great caution and gave forth a few stories which met the requirements, and then would go away to conjure up some more and after a while would return to

narrate them. I would see him sitting under a tree with a little memorandum book and pencil pondering and pondering and then making a note or two. By and by he would return with another installment. This process went on through the day and into the night, and it was not until the afternoon of the second day that the final story was told as we were riding away from Raleigh. He told me afterward that it was the severest mental exercise he had ever undergone."

This quality of memory must stand as one explanation of what seemed his inexhaustible fullness. However free or prolonged his conversation, he never seemed to reach the end of his knowledge on any subject.

An intimate observer, speaking of some qualities which greatly impressed him, says: "He possessed great self-control, perhaps it would be better to say mental composure, in the presence of the multitude. Few men can face an audience knowing that they are looking to him for something important, and not become slightly nervous. Often one's powers of memory and utterance are more or less paralyzed at first by the presence of a multitude. Dr. Buckley was always, so far as I know, entirely composed and had full command of all

his resources in the presence of a multitude. I think he could command his material even better when speaking to a large mass than when talking with one or two people. His command of language was marvelous. He could not only find the words he wanted, but could put them in the best shape and use them correctly without stumbling or blundering while speaking in public. This was not only a natural, but largely an acquired gift. It had been a large study with him to learn to use language correctly. He told me that in early life he adopted the plan of using only the best language at his command in ordinary conversation. He never allowed himself to construct an awkward sentence or utter a slovenly speech in conversation with one or two people. I watched him after he told me this, and observed that in ordinary conversation on unimportant subjects, he spoke as carefully and accurately as he did before an audience of two thousand. This discipline extending through many years made him one of the most accurate men in the use of language I have ever known."

The same writer says: "If I were asked what is the outstanding feature of Dr. Buckley's mind, I think I should say, alertness. I am not sure you could find that word in the dictionary,

but you know what it means. He was the most alert man I ever knew. His mind was always full. He was always ready for speech. He did not need to wait for inspiration. . . . He also had a degree of magnetism in public address. When fully possessed of his subject and in sympathy with the occasion, his eye flashed and his countenance took on a peculiar luster, and his voice responding to his mental operations got a new ring which made the people feel that a master of assemblies had them in his grip."

As referring to this exceptional oratorical power, exceptional indeed to the speaker himself, I recall a remarkable occasion, shared also by other of his personal friends, in which this power, and on a brilliant stage, received most superb illustration. The Nineteenth Century Club of New York had arranged for a debate concerning Christian Science. The elegant assembly hall at Sherry's was the place selected for the meeting. Some eminent speaker was to represent the affirmative, and Dr. Buckley the negative, side of the question. The advocates of Christian Science for some reason found it impossible to secure a champion whose courage proved equal to the demands of the occasion, no less than three different persons promising,

and finally each excusing himself from appearing. When the evening arrived one of the most brilliant assemblies possible to New York city crowded the hall. But as no speaker was present to represent the affirmative side of the question, Dr. Buckley felt that it would not be right for him to take the time, unless he were first permitted in some capacity, perhaps as that of an attorney, to speak in behalf of Christian Science. This proposition was agreed to. So the entire occasion, divided into two periods, was occupied by the one speaker, he in the first period fairly stating the arguments for belief in Christian Science.

In the closing period he stood on his own ground as an opposer of the cult. Those who knew him best felt that he was never more superlatively himself than in that hour. The scene itself was inspirational. His bodily condition was good. The play of his mind was perfect. He had absolute command of his subject. His voice was the perfect instrument of both his thought and emotion. In the first hour he had presented the grounds of Christian Science with an ability than which nothing better could be asked by the most enthusiastic devotees of the cause. Then, after a brief recess, he took the other side, and, most resist-

lessly, remorselessly, stroke on stroke, smote the entire structure of Christian Science until there was nothing left of it but the fine dust of its own absurdity.

I am writing from my own impressions of the occasion. It was, I think, the most signal triumph of intellect, of knowledge, of eloquence combined that I have ever witnessed on any single occasion. He compelled the applause even of those whose beliefs he was so ruthlessly demolishing. As a triumph of oratory it was a scene intrinsically worthy of rank with the most illustrious instances of historic eloquence.

Dr. Buckley was largely endowed with inborn qualities of leadership. A close observer, speaking of this gift, says:

"He began to be a leader very early in life. This was not, as in some cases, because he pushed himself to the front, but because he possessed those qualities which people recognize as necessary to leadership. One of these qualities is the voice of authority. He spake as one having authority. His first sentence made the impression that he was master of the question and the situation. A man may have learning and knowledge, but if he speaks with a hesitating voice, he is not wanted for a leader.

Dr. Buckley never hesitated, never retracted, never amended. He made the impression that he had no doubts. He set the prow of his ship toward the port he intended to reach and never changed. He sailed right on, and everyone could see that he knew right where he wanted to go and that he was going right there. This is the kind of man the people like to follow. They say to themselves: 'He knows just what we want to know. He is going where we want to go. He is a safe man.'

"He was a leader of the center column. In every ecclesiastical conclave as well as in nearly every army there is a right wing, a left wing, and a center column. The right wing may represent the radicals, the left wing the conservatives, and the center, the conquering force, having some conservatism, some radicalism, and a good deal of its own thinking. Some men aspire to leadership of the radicals. There seems something of heroism in it. Others like to lead the conservative wing, because they have nothing to do but hold back. Dr. Buckley was not a leader of either wing, but of the center column consisting of men and women who do much of their own thinking and follow leaders who take the widest range."

One law is emphasized in all of Dr. Buck-

ley's life—the unfailing law that a full price must be paid for supreme attainment. It will be easily said that he was born with unusual gifts, that he had a brain of exceptional capacity, and that nature had gravitated him to the very front. Concede all the truth which these assumptions contain. It still remains inexorably true that he reached all his wonderful proficiency by dint of tremendous toil. If it be true that nature endowed him with ten talents, it is also true that he so invested these many talents in the markets of enterprise as far more than to double them. He was not only an omnivorous reader, most careful to use only correct speech in all ordinary conversation, but he sought constantly to enrich his vocabulary and to put himself in command of all the range of synonyms that he might employ instantly the word that would best convey his exact meaning. If he was never at a loss upon his feet for a ready fund of pertinent fact, and for fitting language by which to express the same, all this was no accident. He was always ready for the reason that he had habitually enriched himself from ubiquitous stores of knowledge and of thought. Among all public characters of the time the hand of laborious discipline has nowhere more revealed

itself than in the shaping and furnishing of this man for his phenomenal career.

The voice of this example to the young, the gifted, the ambitious, is: If you would forge to the front, you must pay the full price of success. The prizes at the goal are not for the indolent, nor for the idle dreamer. "He can toil terribly," said Cecil of Sir Walter Raleigh. Terrible toil is the price relentlessly exacted for the highest prizes of human achievement. No inheritance of privilege, no patronage of influence or of power, can substitute this. It is absurd for any young aspirant for success to presume on a less cost. "The gods sell all things at a fair price; but the gods are never cheated."

The better types of young mind are keen-visioned. Their perceptive edge has not been dulled. They have not as yet been spoiled by the sordid worship of materialism. They are hero-worshipers—and how fine a thing is hero-worship in an unsullied young life! The selective instincts of such minds lay hold upon the superlative qualities. The man who receives the crown of their unhesitating approbation may well wear it as a diadem royal.

I have reserved as the final word for this chapter the tribute of a business man, one

whose interest in and attachment to Dr. Buckley have grown neither out of ecclesiastical nor public relations. In his statement he gives the impressions of Dr. Buckley which he received in young life, in his college and postgraduate years. Having read this communication several times over, I have become increasingly impressed that it ranks among the finest tributes of character. This estimate has grown purely out of that intimate social friendship which in this case, as sometimes happens, has happily arisen between an older and a younger mind. He says:

"Dr. Buckley is to me a man of wonders. I have not known him as the preacher, or editor, or lecturer, or parliamentarian, although I have heard him preach and lecture, have read his editorials and have known of his skill in the great meetings of the Church. It is in the everyday, between-the-acts that have made him famous, that I have known him best. As a young man on my college vacations the long walks with him were events. He was then a combination of mental wizard and athlete—never tiring of propounding and answering a thousand questions and outwalking a vigorous youngster. There was no subject too trivial or too weighty to be discussed and settled. He

was then about fifty. His conversation was a delight and a despair. He believed in the Methodist Church from the bottom to the top, but he was never narrow. I knew that his vehemence in denying representation to women in the General Conference was based on a profound belief that his advocacy was for the good of the Church. But he was never bitter in his talks about it, nor about other things where he opposed other great leaders. He admired his opponents who were equally honest in laboring for their convictions.

"There was a vein of humor in his character which touched with light the serious philosophy of his talk. . . . He has always been the same to me, a great genius, a great mind, and a great friend. This last I should emphasize, for his friendship was the kind that was both generous and satisfying. When I went to college he warned me against the sophistries of a certain professor whose writings had placed him as a too liberal critic of most of the things that Dr. Buckley considered as essentials. . . .

"His mastery of himself is a history of life-long endeavor against odds. The determination to shake off disease in early manhood and his strength by reason of will, is an instance of rarity. Most people would give up when the

doctor gave them up. But he believed in the divine right to live, and no effort was too great and no disappointment too severe. The optimism of his character has been illuminating. I think of him as of the sharpshooter who is satisfied only with bull's-eyes, and who shoots straight for the very love of excelling.

"The delegate at the Conference who wondered at his facility in debate and his sharpness in argument might overlook the human side of his make-up, or think of him as a mental machine which could perform the work of a dozen minds. But he was intensely human, if an unusual interest in men's and women's lives that touched his own was any criterion. Although justly able to speak of attainments, he was not boastful. When after twenty-eight years as editor of the Advocate he was again elected, I remember his words, and know that it was to him a deep satisfaction to be selected again, although he then said it was to be the last time, as it proved. His life has been one of enormous achievement. The energy and ability which might have brought him wealth and public favor have been used as he began—always for the good of the Church. So to me he is a man of wonders, one of the very big men of his time, content with little and giving much.

He will be long remembered. His life story will be an inspiration to thousands of young men who will try to emulate him, and catch, if may be, the spirit that carried him through a long life of supreme usefulness."

However alluring the pursuit, I am self-warned that it is time to lay down my pen. The quadrennium succeeding Dr. Buckley's retirement from The Christian Advocate, except for an extended trip abroad—elsewhere noted—was spent for the most part in the quiet of his cultured home—a home tastefully and affectionately presided over by his only daughter—in Morristown, New Jersey. During this quadrennium he did some occasional lecturing before the students of the Drew Theological Seminary. He was frequently seen upon public occasions, often at the New York Preachers' Meeting, regularly attending the meetings of the Board of Foreign Missions, as also discharging his duties as president of the Board of Managers of the Methodist Episcopal Hospital. He could go nowhere, however, where he did not receive marked expression of the profound respect and affection in which he was held by his brethren.

When, finally, at the session of the New York East Conference, held in Stamford, in

1916, he decided to ask for a retired relation in the Conference, the spontaneous feeling of the body uttered itself in the following resolutions prepared and presented by Dr. David G. Downey:

"The request of James M. Buckley for a place in the ranks of the honorably retired ministers of this Conference is a fact of historic significance, not only for the New York East Conference, but for world-wide Methodism.

"For fifty-seven years, just fifty of which have been spent in the New York East Conference, this valiant and militant soldier of Jesus Christ has been fighting the battles of Methodism and of righteousness. The history of Christianity, and especially of that form of Christianity known as Methodism, during the last half century cannot be written without giving him a large place. As a debater and controller of public assemblies he has been without a peer among us; as a legislator he has left his impress upon our laws and our institutions; as author he has given us books of indubitable value; as editor he has diffused general information, defended, explained, and advocated Methodist principles and policies, combated evil, and advanced righteousness with an energy and virility second to none; while as pastor, preacher, and friend he has counseled, comforted, strengthened, and stimulated a

mighty host who are glad to rise up and bless him for his helpful and healing ministry.

"As Dr. Buckley retires from the ranks of the effective ministry and seeks the quiet and rest which he has abundantly earned, and to which his four score years entitle him, we desire to assure him of our esteem, our veneration, and our love. With us he never has had and never can have an equal. No one can draw the bow that Ulysses has laid aside. In the affection and admiration of the New York East Conference one name stands preeminent, unique—the name of James Monroe Buckley."

No better evidence of the large and magnetic place which Dr. Buckley holds in the esteem and affection of the Church at large could be furnished than was displayed on two distinct occasions at Saratoga, in May, 1916. When, unannounced, his form was seen entering the spacious dining room of the United States Hotel, the many scores of delegates present, together with their wives, rose spontaneously to their feet and gave him as greeting the Chautauqua salute. In the great assembly room of the General Conference, on the ensuing morning, only on a far larger scale, the same greeting was repeated, literally thousands rising to their feet to pay enthusiastic honor to this one man. This kind of tribute is not paid to ordi-

nary characters. The man who thus commands the homage of elect assemblies incarnates in himself, and in most extraordinary measure, the representative human qualities. His fellow men instinctively admire and love him because they see embodied in him, in character, in attainments, in service, both the prophecy and the realization of the larger possibilities and mission of the ideal human life.

In the presence of this life we stand wondering and amazed. Its influence will indefinitely survive, proving an inspiration and a blessing in all its widening future way. Beyond the goal of four score years, in the golden sunset of an eventful day, our man of God, confidently, cheerfully, awaits the summons which shall one day call him to the splendors of the Endless Morning.

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